21ST NATIONAL CONVENTION - CHICAGO - SEPTEMBER 25-28



SEPTEMBER 1939

The American LEGION



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THE LEGION IN CONVENTION

WITHIN thirty days of the appearance of this issue of your magazine The American Legion's Twenty-First Annual National Convention will assemble in Chicago to review the accomplishments of the organization in the past year on thousands of fronts throughout the world, and to outline the program which will be carried out in the coming twelve months. A Legion National Convention thus provides not only an opportunity for review of duties fulfilled and pledges kept, but as well furnishes the occasion for a rededication to that for which the Legion has stood in unswerving devotion since its earliest days—unselfish service to God and Country.

As National Commander Chadwick comes into the home stretch and prepares to hand over the reins to his successor he may take satisfaction in the knowledge that the Legion is today stronger than ever before in public esteem as well as in other ways, and that it continues eager to be of service to the nation.

OUR National Conventions are colorful assemblages. They present in the great parade a pageant of America, as the panorama of local, state and sectional differentiation is unfolded in the march along a great city's streets throughout the day and well into the night. This is a spectacle to be noted in no other country, and in our own land, where parading is an ancient and valued custom, there is nothing that approaches it in size or significance. The convention parade is a flowering of American democracy, joyous in the distinctive contributions of the multiple units which, the more they differ in outward trappings and regalia, the more they evidence the essential unity of the United States of America. The enthusiasm which that parade annually calls forth sends its echoes all over the world, echoes noted in capitals both friendly and hostile to ours, telling unmistakably a story of solidarity, of the single-minded devotion of this great organization numbering more than a million, to the ideals of our historic American democracy. Seeing that parade and reflecting on its inner meaning, one who has perhaps felt discouragement about unsolved problems of the day may take heart again. Things have been worse for the United States—they will be better.

But of course a National Convention of the Legion is much more than the parade, much more than the formal sessions of the four-day meeting, much more than the various entertainment features (a bow here to the once seen, never forgotten drum corps competition!), more than the reunions of wartime outfits, increasing yearly in number and in importance. The mainspring of the convention mechanism is in the various committees which neither parades nor other diversions and not even the formal sessions of the convention itself keep from their appointed tasks.

Last year six hundred and fifty-eight resolutions were considered by the various convention committees, resolutions which had come up to the national organization sponsored by one or more Departments of the Legion. The resolutions which survived the winnowing process of committee consideration and won through to adoption by the convention became mandates on the organization through the administration of National Commander Chadwick and, unless repealed or modified in a subsequent convention, continuing Legion policies.

Therein is a demonstration of the essential democracy of the Legion. A member of a small Post has a new idea for service that seems good to his fellows. They adopt it in an appropriate resolution, and perhaps when it comes before the Department Convention he or someone else speaks persuasively to the question and wins for it the stamp of Departmental approval. It comes up to the National Convention, gains a hearing, is adopted. . . . Every action that becomes a mandate of the organization was at one time just an idea in the mind of some Legionnaire.

THE convention sessions will bring together some 1400 delegates representing more than a million Legionnaires throughout the world. In the unrest that has plagued our planet since the Munich agreement, which coincided with the close of the Los Angeles convention last September, the deliberations will be of the utmost importance to our country and to the world, which will note and remember what we say and do. There will be no hysterical finger pointing or viewing with alarm, but a reaffirmation of our devotion to democracy as exemplified by the institutions that have grown up under the shelter of the Constitution, and a forthright expression of our determination that they shall not perish from the earth.

AMERICANISM

A Definition

BY BISHOP JAMES E. FREEMAN
Major, Officers' Reserve Corps
UNITED STATES ARMY

AMERICANISM is complete and unqualified loyalty to the ideals of government set forth in the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. It is respect for and ready obedience to duly constituted authority and the laws of the land. It is freedom without license, religion without bigotry, respect for all nations without entangling alliances, Christian charity without bias or race hatred, love of flag and a readiness to defend that for which it stands against every alien and subversive influence from without or within. This, I believe, is Americanism.

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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The American LEGION MAGAZINE

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THIS is pretty much of a Convention Number, what with Jes Schlaikjer's cover showing a colorful spot in the convention parade, Wally double-paging with Windy City scenes, Boyd Stutler recounting the last minute prepatations in store for the great Legion family as it converges on Chicago (some of them will be en route as you read these words) and the final list of Outfit Reunions for the convention period appearing on pages 59, 60, 61. And, while it has nothing to do with the convention, the article commemorating 150 years of the United States Constitution is by a Chicagoan, Andrew C. McLaughlin.

WITH National Commander Chadwick's fine article on what the Legion has accomplished and what it stands for there is reproduced a speech which General John J. Pershing gave in New York City to the then new American Legion in September, 1919, with a 1939 sentiment cabled by the General to the mature American Legion whose National Convention this year carries on its official badge a likeness of the A.E.F. Commander. Incidentally, General Pershing will be 79 years of age on September 13th, and his Legion friends, meaning every one of the million and more members of the organization, are delighted to know that his health has improved and that he has planned to return to his native land some time within the next few weeks. It was on the General's 58th birthday, just twenty-one years ago, that the First Army, the largest body of American troops in action since 1865, gave him the splendid victory at St. Mihiel. A short resumé of that battle appears on page 64.

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 51.

WITH *The Four Professors of Verdun* the magazine presents an author new to the Legion audience, Joseph A. Brady. Playing a return engagement are Hugh Wiley's Rabble Shoveliers, who have on many occasions cavorted in these pages. Their exploits in fiction are a by-product of Wiley's experiences as an officer of the Eighteenth Engineers (Railway). The Brady story has this much of fact at its base: There were four French professors at Verdun, doing what Mr. Brady's story has them doing, including the love letters to young American girls. We seem to remember a saying from out the dusty past, "Men were deceivers ever."

RICHARD SEELYE JONES'S *Dollarpower* tells the story behind the story of the Endowment Fund drive of 1925, which has brought in in interest a good bit more than two and a half million dollars, which in turn has gone into rehabilitation and child welfare work of the Legion—and the principal of the Fund is still intact. It is a fascinating story of service rendered without fanfare of publicity over the years, and those who had a part in the raising of the money may well look upon the functioning of the fund with pride.

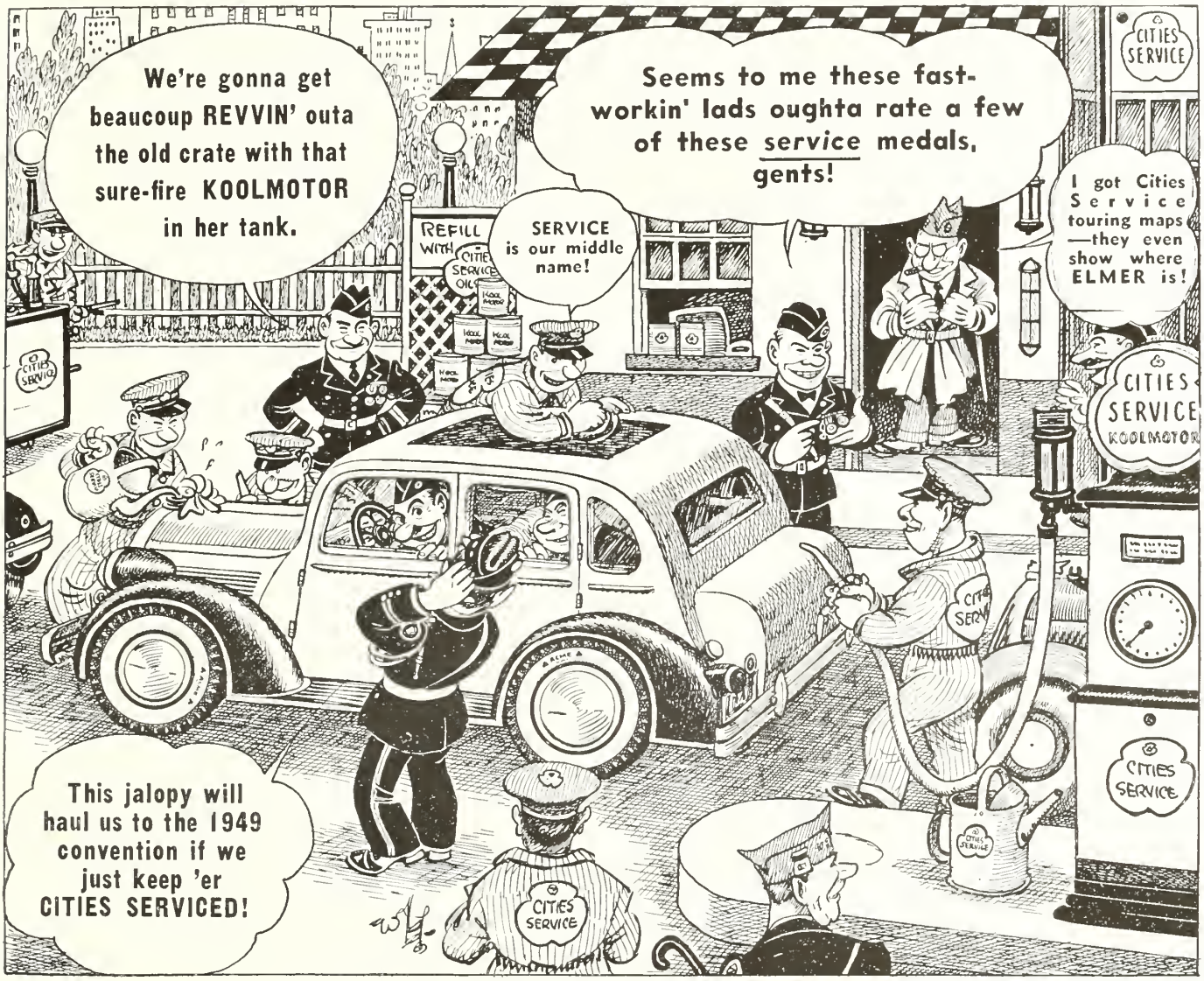
SEE you in Chicago. . . . Personal nomination for the color highlight of the convention: The rendition of The Star Spangled Banner by the massed bands at the end of the drum corps competition, in Soldier Field on the first night, September 25th.

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A COMEBACK

A WINNER IN THE $1500 PRIZE CONTEST

By

F.T. WOODINGS



TIME and record have perforce given civilization two terrible synonyms—Cancer and Death. The history of the scourge reaches back into the most ancient archives and the current periodicals cry out devastating statistics that appall the reading public and perpetuate a fear that throws the suspecting victim into a panic which destroys all sense of balanced action. There have been periodic advances made by both bona-fide and quack members of the medical fraternity which have tendered a grain of hope, but too often the hope has died and added to the abysmal depths of fear and despair. But all historical sequences have been broken at one time or another and, at last there are records which prove that the doctors really have something.

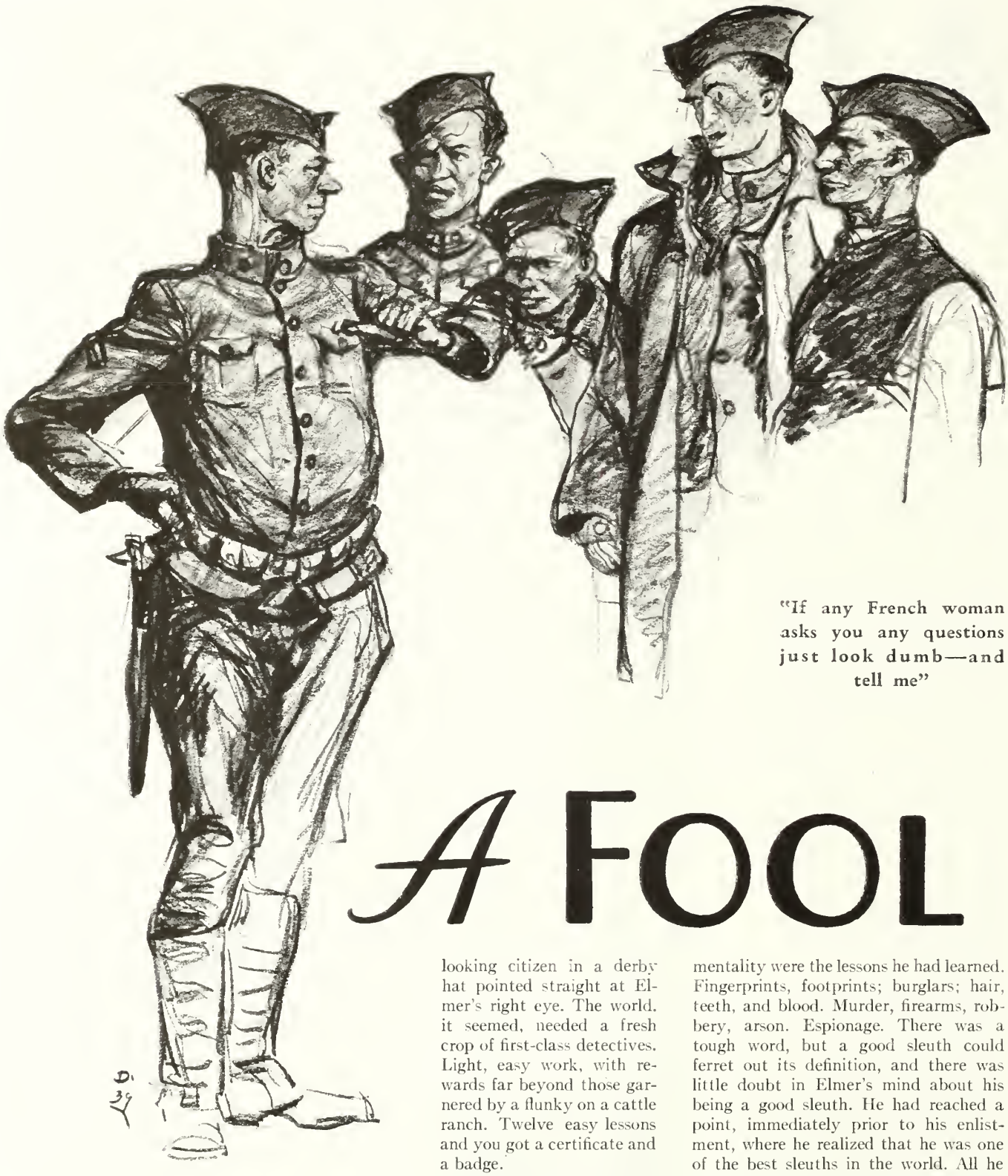
X-ray or Roentgen Therapy is the hope and if it can be given a fair break and whole hearted co-operation by the public it will supplant that fear and despair with a definite knowledge that the little spot of ceaseless burning sensation can be destroyed before it destroys its victim. I know, because I am one of the guinea pigs that received successful treatment. I have waited a year to tell this story, waited to disprove the pessimistic warning that it would recur in a few months. But after the satisfactory recheck at the hospital recently I can wait no longer to testify to the power of the X-ray machine to effect a change from tears and terror to smiles and a freedom from care positively ineradicable.

I was sitting in the living room reading one evening just a little over a year and a half ago. I can fix the time, because I was still wearing the smoking jacket and slippers my wife gave me for Christmas and I know that I wore them for a few weeks before reverting to socks and the old sweat shirt. I was reading an article in one of the current periodicals devoted to a technical discussion of cancer, but it side-stepped figures long enough, I recall, to describe the manner of birth of these baby volcanoes. The author spoke of the burning sensation which became peculiar to the spot which ordinarily would be considered a slight skin eruption or mole. He warned of the liability to malignancy of such a spot if it were your companion for say a year. Then he went off into great detail.

As the light was not too good and I was getting sleepy I rubbed my eyes and went into a stretch. Well, you know how a stretch will invariably end up with a backward smoothing of the hair, a logical rub of the back of the neck, thence to a vigorous massage of the whiskers and then the terminating tap on the gaping mouthpiece. I never got to the whiskers. As my hand crossed the back of my neck it came in contact with and irritated the little spot that I had been noticing for the past four or five months. There was a distinct burning sensation.

I reached hurriedly for my cigar butt and magazine and bored into the details of the description and the deeper I got into the article the more I became convinced that I had been duly elected. I was in a cold sweat when the missus asked me to to go out and make a couple of sandwiches, with onions and salt and pepper. I don't care for onions in my roast beef sandwiches but as a concession to love and some of its ways I always add a few slices. The coffee was hot and of apparent recent date but it tasted insipid and the onions were particularly distasteful, so I terminated the evening's festivities by announcing that I thought I'd go in to the hospital in the morning. The missus said, "Yeah," and went on reading the evidently romantic paragraph of her story but hauled up short when my conversational thrust sank in and demanded, "What for?" Of course, she wouldn't believe any part of it.

The examining physician at Hopkins the next morning was equally (*Continued on page 39*)



"If any French woman asks you any questions just look dumb—and tell me"

A FOOL

ELMER GOSLIN'S trouble started away back before the war, when he was still a flunky in the cookhouse of an Idaho cattle ranch.

On the fatal day of his transition, he gorged himself first of all on three slabs of bull beef, half of a dried apricot pie, and five or six lurid crime stories. In the latter pages of the pulp magazine, an advertisement hooked him. "Be a Detective!" The index finger of a hard-looking citizen in a derby hat pointed straight at Elmer's right eye. The world, it seemed, needed a fresh crop of first-class detectives. Light, easy work, with rewards far beyond those garnered by a flunky on a cattle ranch. Twelve easy lessons and you got a certificate and a badge.

Elmer got his badge three days before the United States went into the Big Game. He was still wearing it as directed—pinned to the lining of his vest—when he signed up with the Rabble Shoveliers.

By the time the West Coast engineer regiment had assembled at American Lake for a dash of training before its leap to France, Elmer's badge and his ornate diploma were stored away in the bottom of the bag. The tangible fruits of his criminological studies were stored away in the lowest stratum of his possessions, but churning around in the apex of his mentality were the lessons he had learned. Fingerprints, footprints; burglars; hair, teeth, and blood. Murder, firearms, robbery, arson. Espionage. There was a tough word, but a good sleuth could ferret out its definition, and there was little doubt in Elmer's mind about his being a good sleuth. He had reached a point, immediately prior to his enlistment, where he realized that he was one of the best sleuths in the world. All he needed was a chance; and here suddenly, bigger than an elephant, was his chance.

When the casual routine of company organization had cleared away, Elmer Goslin was a corporal. Corporal Elmer Goslin, Squad 7, B Company of the Rabble Shoveliers.

By various definitions, Corporal Goslin was a good soldier; but to his squad he rapidly became a pain in the neck. Tex, Mex and Rex, Rags, Isadog, Chuck and Buck, singly and collectively, told the cockeyed world that they were oversupplied with corporal equipment.

The bathing subject, for instance.

for LUCK

By HUGH WILEY

Illustrations by HARVEY DUNN

Notoriously, not every civilian had bathed daily in an ice-cold lake; but Squad 7 had learned before Taps had blown on the second day that their section of this man's Army was destined to dive in up to the neck and like it. Applying the methods he had learned in the cattle camps, Elmer hazed his weaners and his yearlings, so to speak, into the lake and out of it, whether they liked it or not.

After the typhoid inoculations, "Maybe them shots went to his head," Isadog suggested confidentially to his fellows of the squad.

"That wouldn't give him no cause to sound off on the spy stuff," Rags objected.

"The bird is bughouse on spies," Buck Hammer chimed in. "I even seen him lookin' squinch-eyed at the Greek that runs the hot-dog stand."

"More likely lookin' squinch-eyed at the Greek's wife," Rex suggested.

"That ain't no crime," Chuck declared. "Everybody from the colonel down lamps that one. Oh, gosh, I wish there was more of 'em to lamp around this layout!"

Feminine companionship around the Shoveliers' camp was admittedly a scarce commodity. "Nobody but a blasted brassneck ossifer ever gits to chew the fat with a dame!"

Broaching this theme, in his fourth lecture to the squad, "I don't want to see none of you mavericks git roped by no female spy," Corporal Goslin admonished. "Don't have no truck with no dames. Look at what goes on all the time in France with them boys that git lured into drinkin' by women, until they tell military secrets. You can bet every woman is a spy, and you'll cash nine times out of ten. If a female starts to cut you out of the herd, head for the corral and report the atrocity right away to me!"

For a while, to the Rabble Shoveliers the war consisted of nothing but a lack of sleep, underwear that itched, and overdoses of corned beef. There was lots of marching. Everybody learned the difference between a corporal and a sergeant—something that had been a mystery to half of the Gang until that time. They marched with mild enthusiasm at first, because it meant escape from interminable drill—with sticks for guns.

An issue of Krags from the heroic days of the nation's argument with Spain replaced the sticks. With the Krags, to the Rabble Shoveliers came a conviction that they had at last been subjected to one of the grim realities of war.

The long guns did something to Corporal Elmer Goslin. "That guy has quit bein' a soldier," Isadog suggested. "He slinks around like an Indian on the warpath."

"Leave him slink his head off. I wish he wouldn't be so durned particular about gittin' these guns shined up!"

"I don't give a doggone about the guns. It's my messkit that grieves me," Buck Hammer complained. "How you gonna keep a messkit clean when it gits socked with bully beef three times a day?"

"Cheer up!" Tex Miller advised. "That underwear don't itch you so much since the suet started runnin' out of your skin . . . Lord, I wish old Flint Lip would blow that horn, so I could go over to the Greek's and gnash down a couple of dogs!"

"Hot dam! With lots of mustard! Also a lamp at the Greek's dame!"

Corporal Goslin stepped into the picture. "Git them guns shined up extry fine," he ordered. "The top just told me that we go on guard tonight."

A chorus of groans. "Holy old gee-holy bullwhips!" Buck Hammer complained. "That's the second time this week. What is there to guard?"

"You got to look out for spies," Corporal Goslin suggested. "Shine up them guns!"

Taps. Lieutenant Spike Randall on duty with B Company, protecting the lives of the sleeping regiment. Midnight. "Sir, kin Corporal Goslin talk to the lieutenant?" The request was delivered with an eagle-wing salute in Corporal Goslin's best military manner, which was something.

"What is it?"

"Sir, there's a mystery down there in the moonlight under them trees by the edge of the lake. Spies, like as not."

"Don't be a damn fool!"

"Sir, I heard a couple of corks pop. Like as not, they're gittin' some of us boys drunk so we'll tell everything we know."

To himself, "Ten seconds would be plenty of time to tell that," the Loot decided. To Corporal Goslin, "Go down and see what it is, and report back to me."

The corporal saluted. "Loot, you're dern tootin' I'll see what it is!" he declared.

An about face, executed as an exhibition of Corporal Goslin's best footwork. Into the night, adventuring toward the mystery on the margin of the moonlit lake, Elmer, sworn to protect his country, walked as lightly as his chunky corpus would permit.

He skirted the open country and hung to the shadows of the trees. Ahead of him a match flared in the darkness. He raised an imaginary gun and fired an imaginary shot at the match flame. "Like as not that got him!"

From here on, Elmer emulated as best he could a slinking panther. Presently, the vague outline of the invaders hardened to convey a better picture of the scene. The



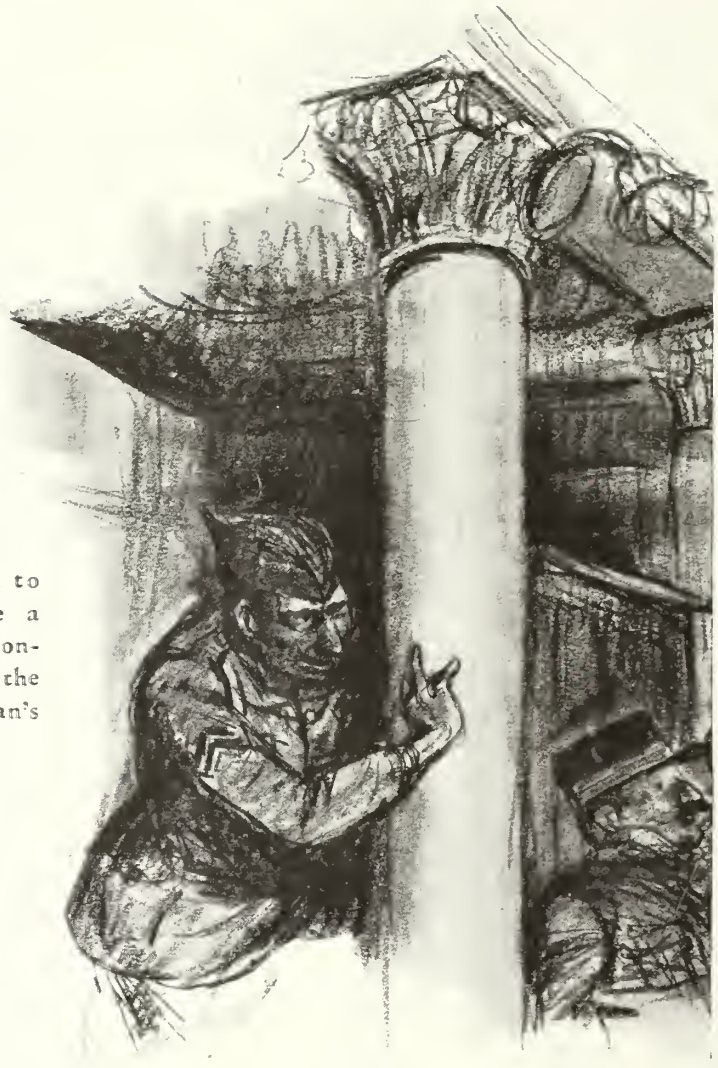
enemy was motionless, but Corporal Goslin fell back on a tried and true command. "Halt!" Then, with slightly less assurance, "Who's there? You're under arrest! Who's there?"

The unwritten chronicles of the Rabble Shoveliers date the ruckus from approximately that moment. First of all, Corporal Goslin's question was answered by a six-foot sergeant of Company A. Then, above the subdued cackle of two women, a barrage of epithets came over. In this the sergeant from A Company was aided by his pal for a round or two, before the socking began.

The corporal did the best he could, but it was not good enough. He returned to the guardhouse ten minutes later bearing a collection of honorable wounds and bleeding profusely from a straight left to the beak that had connected with the impact of a middle-sized earthquake. He remembered that the lieutenant had ordered him to report the results of his investigation. He thought better of this. He washed the blood from his face, scowling in a cracked mirror at a darkened area around his right eye.

In the cold gray dawn, to the Loot's embarrassing question, "I didn't find nothin' down by the lake," he declared. "Probably all I heard was a couple of stray cows prowlin' around in the bushes."

With mild sarcasm, "Your face looks as if one of those cows had led with a straight left," the lieutenant suggested.



He managed to accumulate a dash of the conversation at the mystery woman's table

IN THE turmoil of the regiment's departure for Hoboken, Elmer followed a gratifying trail of two busy young traveling passenger agents for a while. "I thought they was spies in plain clothes buzzin' around," he explained to the Loot, after he had accomplished the capture. The lieutenant hazarded that Elmer had been hired by reason of his strong back and his weak mind, and suggested that thereafter he refrain from too much thinking.

The suggestion bore withered fruit. En route to Hoboken, the regiment's trip was interrupted in Minnesota so that the aroma of bathless days in the crowded sleepers might be washed away in the waters of Lake Pepin. Here to this camp, bringing spiritual comfort to various members of the Rabble Shoveliers who had let their imaginations feed on the newspaper reports of submarine attacks, came the Reverend Father Murphy.

The padre was a good egg. His clothes were not distinguishable from those of the average civilian. Eight minutes after he got into camp, Elmer was on his trail.

"There's a fat guy prowlin' around the camp talkin' to the boys!" Elmer reported to the Loot. "He looks like a spy to me."

The bloodhound's next outbreak was perpetrated on board the S. S. *Starvonia*, lying at Pier 57. A fresh-laid major of the Hoboken transportation detail, whose uniform was still in the hands of its makers, prowled aboard the ship on an inspection tour.

"He slunk along clear from the top floor of the boat down to the basement," Elmer reported. "Slunk along nosin' into everything."

Wearily, "Oh, gawd, lay off!" the Loot advised. "For the love of the holy old blue-toed Pete, don't catch any more spies for me until you get to France!"

Elmer saluted and marched away in a military manner, incensed at this reception and firmly resolved to teach the Loot a lesson. "If he wants a spy caught in France, I'll show him! I'll catch him so damn many spies in France it'll make his head swim! Bawlin' me out right in front of that good-lookin' dame and all them ossifers! Like as not, she is a spy herself!"

The good-looking dame, Mrs. John Grenard Farrington, was the lieutenant's sister.

Rising superior to his latest rebuff, Elmer hung around long enough to get a line on the suspected lady. "Callin' her Baby and Darling and Sweetheart—it's a cinch the Loot fell for the dame."

His opinion was confirmed when, in parting from the mystery girl, the lieutenant bestowed a brazen embrace upon her. A hug and a kiss; then, "Hunt me up in France," the Loot implored.

"Maybe I'll see you in England," the girl suggested. "We are sailing tomorrow, you know."

"On the yacht?"

"Yes, darling. Jack cabled me to bring it over. He wants me to be a messenger boy for the Navy people over there."

FOUR days out of New York, while the *Starvonia* was chugging along at sixteen knots, the fog closed in. Elmer, shivering against the port rail in a vain effort to chill himself out of an overload of seasickness, heard a man yell. The gun crew aft went into action. Men about him who had dragged their life-preservers along the deck as they might lead a stubborn dog, were quick to put them on. The ship swung in a wide arc.

An hour later there was a rumor that the gun crew had fired at a fog buoy which the *Starvonia* was towing as protection against collision with the ship behind them in the convoy. Maybe this was true; but true or not, the incident served to strengthen Elmer's conviction that all about him lay battle and murder and sudden death.

In England, a cloud of discipline descended like a swarm of locusts. Little things assumed new importance. Salute every officer, and make it snappy. Salute him even if he turned out to be a British corporal or a Y. M. C. A. man. The strict military discipline of the camp on Salisbury Plain.

The iron clutch of authority loosened up a bit under a cloudburst that flooded the camp with two feet of water; but it was resumed in France, after a moonlit trip from the chalk cliffs of Dover to Le Havre, on a night when the crest of every wave curved in the contours of a submarine.

The first battalion of cooties attached themselves for rations in the rest camps at Le Havre. Thereafter, the job of standing at attention became one of the more serious problems of the war. Rumors were rife, on the train out of Le Havre, that the regiment was going into battle. The regiment was afflicted with smallpox. The regiment was to replace a similar organization which had been destroyed at Cambrai. The regiment was going to Russia. Finally, the regiment made camp at Genimont on a hill above the river ten miles from Bordeaux.

Docks and railways, yards and warehouses were to be built, and the Rabble Shoveliers were elected.

To his squad, "Like as not everybody you meet down here is a spy," Elmer admonished. "Don't slack up for a holy second. Be mighty careful of the females, and don't have no truck with them. If any French woman asks you any questions, just look dumb—and tell me."

"Lookin' dumb would come mighty natural to one corporal I could name," Isadog suggested. "Not only lookin', but actin' dumb. Lissen, Elmer, just what the hell itches you in your spy department anyway?"

"Do like I tell you," Elmer commanded. "Act like I learned you, and don't answer me back!"

A SOUND of revelry by night. The Double Track Tunnel was going full blast, with three Spanish dancers heaving their footwork around on the gravel floor. The nightly raid by a pair of languid members of the Bordeaux police department was pulled on schedule at nine o'clock. No arrests, but the event dampened Corporal Goslin's ardor. What good was an overnight pass if you spent the night in jail? After the police had left, he sneaked out of the sinister environment and sought himself out a happier hunting ground.

He drank a glass of beer in the Restaurant Gruber, but its flavor was flat because only a few spies, as nearly as he could determine, were present in the place. The Café Cardinal afforded better hunting. Seven waiters, fourteen women, and a score of male customers were on Elmer's list of suspects by the time he had downed his second scupper of vang blink. "I bet if I rounded 'em all up and give 'em the third degree, Pershing would make a general out of me!"

Another shot of the easy-drinking wine, and then onward to a greener pasture. "General Elmer Goslin." It sounded fine. Elmer pronounced it aloud, and the waiter in the Café Bordeaux, mistaking the order, brought him another shot of vermouth cassis. "Gangway for the general!"

Out of the Café Bordeaux into the fresh air. Too many spies in the Café Bordeaux. Corporal Goslin resolved to set himself down in a sanctuary down the street, the Chapeau Rouge. "Git me some ham and eggs and a shot of coonyak."

The Chapeau Rouge was at the moment short on spies. Not more than twenty people were in the quiet and excellent restaurant. A diplomat escorted Elmer to a small table near the entrance, and listened sympathetically to his complaints about the scarcity of ham and eggs in France. "Lissen, buddy, you can forget all of that fancy chow," Elmer directed, after a glittering prospectus had been spread before him. "What I crave is a dose of ham and eggs with—well, I be damn!" There before his eyes, three tables up the line, his back to Elmer, sat the Loot.

Facing the Loot was the mystery woman who had embraced him so brazenly on the day of the *Starvonia's* departure from Hoboken.

"She's got him roped! Hog-tied hand and foot, sellin' the nation's secrets to a female spy!" *(Continued on page 48)*



Some Things You'll Remember

Twenty-first National Convention



From Chicago This September

The American Legion, September 25-28

By Wallgren



IN SERVICE for AMERICA

By

STEPHEN F. CHADWICK
National Commander
THE AMERICAN LEGION

IT WAS Daniel Webster who voiced, many years ago, the thought that has been uppermost in the minds of our citizens during the past twelve months. Speaking at the completion of the Bunker Hill monument in 1843, Webster said: "Thank God! I—I also—am an American."

Twenty years ago the greatest body of Americans that ever had been on foreign soil in one group returned to the United States to express their thanks for the fact that they too were Americans. That body of men and women included our soldiers, sailors and marines who were returning from their victory in the World War. They were coming back to resume their place in the effort to make the American way of life all that our nation's founders had hoped it might mean to the individual citizen.

As they had poured forth their tremendous energies in support of war-founded ideals, so now they joined in a common effort to give of their might in peace. Nearly five million strong, they had received their war schooling in appreciation of the rights of American citizenship. At home, abroad, and at sea they had seen their companions in arms deliver the ultimate sacrifice—life itself—as the answer to an autocratic expression that ours was a nation too proud to fight in defense of its liberties and the liberties of its citizens.

THEY were a privileged group and though young in years had been given the advantage of comparing life in America—in the United States of America—with the best that every other nationality had contributed to the advancement of civilization. Their answer to the forces of discouragement, disillusionment, despair that brought revolution and authoritarian forms of government abroad was to bind themselves voluntarily in an association for greater service to God and Country.

In that spirit they founded The American Legion. In the name of that organization which we have come to love they went forth to earn for its standard the right to be flung aloft on an even basis with the American Flag. They journeyed forth to tell—to retell—their experiences in arriving at a new-found conception of the privilege of American citizenship.

Now—twenty years after—we can begin to assay the part the Legion has played in protecting the only type of dictatorship the United States of America has ever known—the dictatorship of the constitutionally cast ballot, expressing without compromise the will of the majority; protecting with due consideration the rights of the minority and the individual rights granted to man by his Creator.

IT has been a stormy twenty years. Men and nations have been faced by conditions that forced them to choose between governments based upon the substantial slavery that is implied in authoritarian rule, and our type of republican democracy that says the rule of the jungle through individual or class force shall never supplant the rule of reason.

During those twenty years The American Legion has found that peacetime life presents tasks that are no less severe than those experienced in war. Collectively it has faced many situations that appeared to offer nothing more encouraging than a stalemate in the struggle to find complete satisfaction in the life of a democracy; in the type of democracy that expresses the genius of our American system of government.

Underlying our love of America there was a primary objective which has been our goal always. If our generation was to register its contribution to the future of America, then our comrades in arms must have the protection of a great Government. It must be a protection that compared equally with that which those same companions in arms had provided for the country in war.

Cartoon by
JOHN CASSEL

Consequently we sought—and obtained in large degree—the completion of the arrangement that had been entered into when we went to war. We asked and secured from a generous Government some compensation for the loss of life, for the disabilities incurred, for the broken careers that came as a result of war.

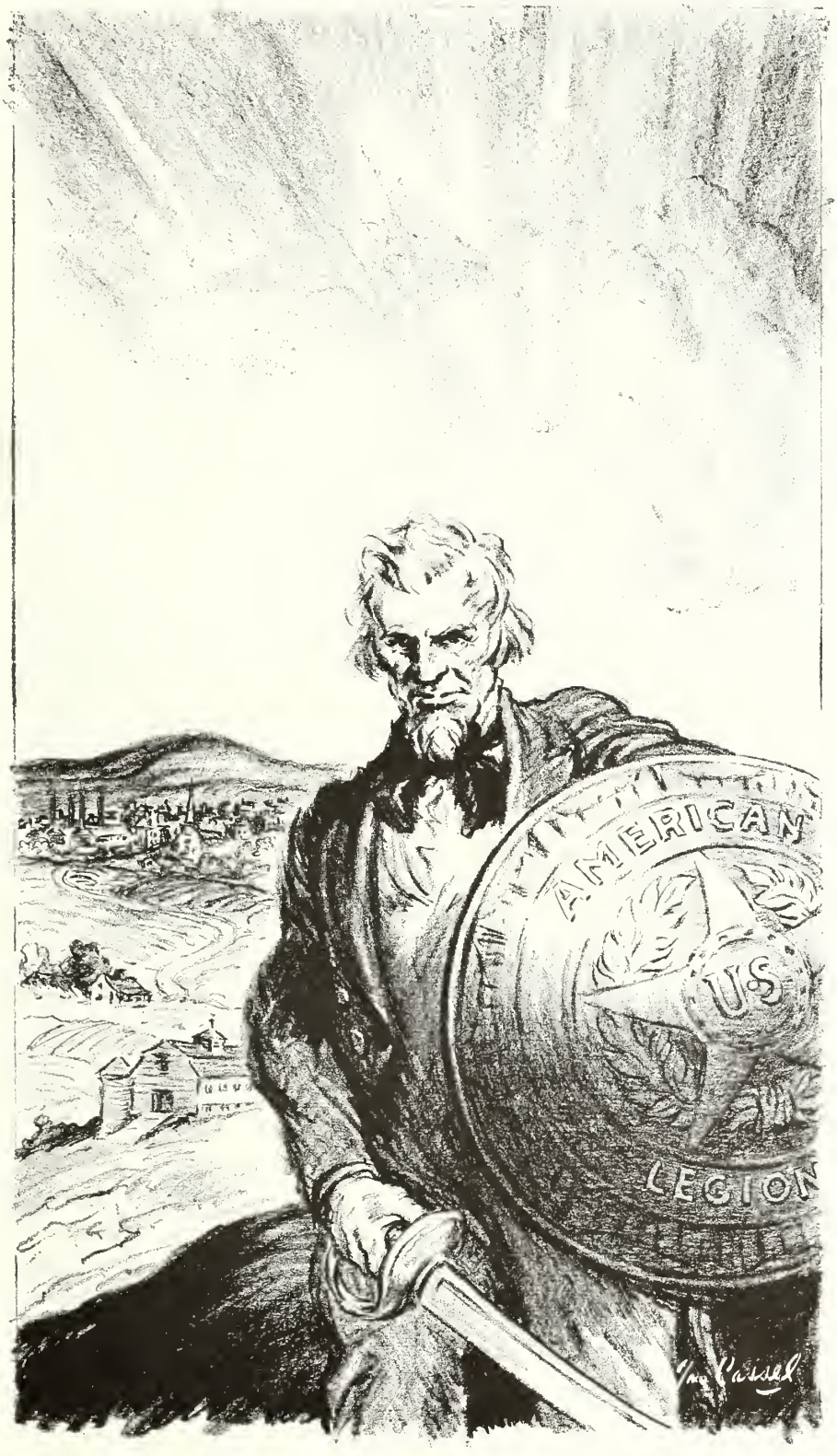
For our part in securing a great system of hospitals, in establishing compensation for our disabled, and for the dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice we have no apology to make. To us it is but a part of the cost of war that must be borne as uncomplainingly as the outlay that went into the purchase of the other accoutrements of war.

But over and beyond that spirit of helpfulness to the men, women and children of our own generation there has been an unceasing contribution to our country. We have taken the long view that says America—our America—will not rise to the magnificent destiny that is hers unless there is complete acceptance of the individual duty to make our democracy workable.

To that end we have concentrated our efforts on a program to bring home to all the people the duties that go with the privileges they get in our type of government. And there is scarce a community in the United States where The American Legion has not contributed to the general welfare.

THOUGH we have struggled in many fields there is none in which we have worked more diligently than in the field of education. Definitely we are committed to the policy that says young America shall grow to manhood having had the opportunity that comes to him from the hands of skilled teachers. We are not dismayed at the billions that must be spent in educating our successors. But we have roused resentment from a group of self-professed liberals when we have insisted that the education that is provided shall in no jot or tittle do violence to the rights of man as protected by the Government established by the founding fathers.

At all times we have been concerned with the need to establish an adequate national defense, though we subscribe



". . . . protect the God-given privileges that have come to us as a nation"

wholeheartedly to the creed that violence and war frustrate the ideals of democracy. We have not forgotten the lessons learned from the World War, for there are those among us for whom the war will remain all of their days.

But we do say that there is need to maintain a national defense that is in keeping with the strength of our nation. If we are to protect the God-given privileges that have come to us as a nation and as individuals then we are convinced that nothing is to be gained by prolonging the condition that General Leonard Wood faced as Chief of Staff years before the War. It was a condition that caused him to report: "It is apparent that we are almost wholly unprepared for war . . . that the things which we most need will take longest to supply."

The American people have suffered, have been con- (*Continued on page 50*)

"MUCH IS EXPECTED OF YOU"

An Address by General John J. Pershing to The American Legion in Madison Square Garden, New York City, September 11, 1919

I AM very glad to have an opportunity, so soon after my return from abroad, to say a word to those who participated in the great achievements that are today to the credit of the American Army in Europe. While you were in the Army, you had an opportunity to learn something of discipline, to learn of the importance of self-control and of obedience to orders. These things seem to come about naturally to the well-raised American boy.

There has been in our Army in Europe the exercise of a self-discipline which, I believe, is unknown to other armies. This has made it easier for your officers—those giving direction in military movements—to make their calculations as to the outcome. But you could not have undergone this experience without having received from it a material benefit. In the exercise of self-control, you have, as a consequence, been given duties varying in their responsibility, which, in turn, have developed in you qualities of character, perchance leadership, that better fit you today for the duties of citizenship than you were before you entered into the service of your country.

These things, however, place upon your shoulders new responsibilities. Much more is expected of you today than when you left America for service abroad. Why? Because of your accomplishments, your achievements—because of your experience, and justly so. One cannot pass through, one cannot have the privilege of those experiences without forever thereafter having a broader outlook on life and a more serious contemplation of its responsibilities.

The organization which has been launched, known as The American Legion, possesses great advantages for the exercise of the same patriotism with which you have been imbued during your service (*Continued on page 64*)

"YOU HAVE KEPT THE FAITH"

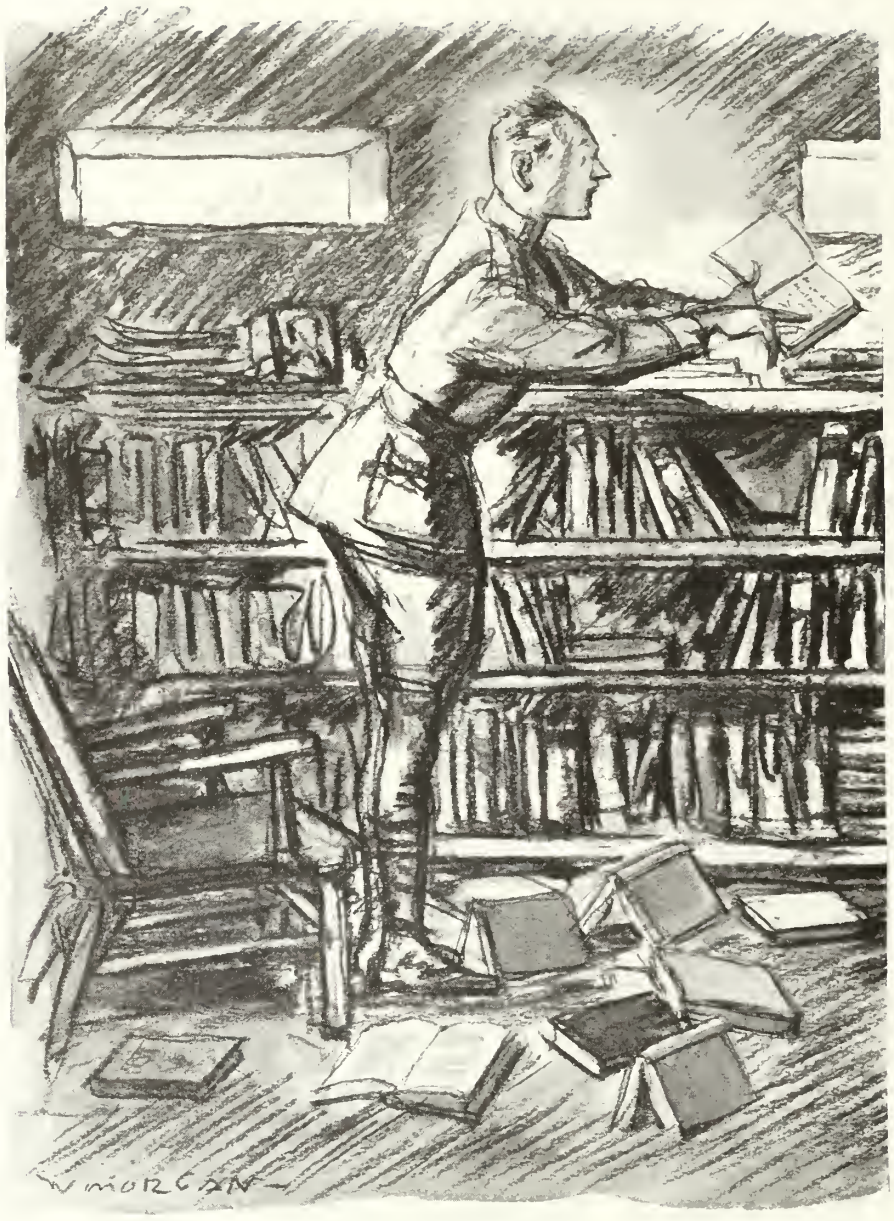
John J. Pershing

General of the Armies

in message cabled from Paris on July 21st to The American Legion, through National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick

By
JOSEPH
A. BRADY

Illustrations by
WALLACE MORGAN



The 4 PROFESSORS

WILLIAM Hemingway Holloway, III, of St. Paul's, Harvard, Boston, Newport, and sometimes of Broadway, stepped into the air with a little jiggle of his feet and went down like a plummet until he was pulled up short and began to sway. His parachute had opened.

Blazing above him was the sausage balloon he had just left, and the car of it raced past him in flames.

He was floating gently toward the north. He could see the smoke puffs of bursting shells over Verdun. Suddenly he heard the roar of a plane above him. The German who got the sausage was going back. The roar increased. The German plane shot past him. The pilot, his goggled face peering from the side of the plane, took a shot at him with his revolver as he passed. The bullet passed through the parachute. The German deliberately swerved and came racing back. Once again his pistol sent a stream of bullets. He missed Bill and roared away.

"And to think I bribed a man to get over here," thought Bill as his legs swayed crazily and he was carried along through the air. "I wonder what Mildred May would say if she could see me now . . . and all because of a damn Frenchman. Oh, well—I suppose I'll land all right and go up again unless I land in Germany."

He suddenly dropped into a deep valley. A current of air carried him along its center. He skimmed over some trees, swept into a clearing, and landed, the parachute dragging him along the ground with his toes touching like a dancer's. A black-bearded Frenchman ran from a door cut in the side of the cliff that formed one wall of the valley, and caught the parachute. Bill scrambled out of the trappings of the parachute.

"Welcome!" said the Frenchman. "Welcome!"

"Glad to get here," said Bill, and looked around.

He was on a path between a pretty flower garden and a vegetable patch. The back wall of the clearing was the chalk-like cliff, and he saw that it was studded with a door and several windows. It was typical of dugouts he had seen cut into the stone cliffs near Verdun, but it seemed more elaborate than most of them.

Three old men came hurrying out of the door. Two of them were bearded, and the third had a wide, white moustache that swept down on each side of his chin. They wore the uniforms of poilus and smoked battered pipes.

"We are the Four Professors of Verdun," said the Frenchman who had assisted him.

"Armand has brought us a Yank," called one of the old men running toward them. "Welcome! Welcome!"

"Meet my comrades," said Armand, as the three came up. "Professor Etienne Gerard, of the Sorbonne; Professor Paul



There on the flyleaf he found the inscription that brought him up standing

of VERDUN

Dupré, of Louvain; Professor Napoleon Duchin, of Bordeaux; and I, your humble servant, am Professor Armand Benet. I was at McGill in Canada when I came to France in 1914 for a visit and I am still here."

"Well," said Bill as he caught his breath. "This is a surprise. I floated right down into another college."

"Better stay here a little while and rest up," suggested Armand. "Come over to the bench and we will have a little wine."

Bill was tired and was glad to sit a while with the four professors before trying to find his way back to his observation group. He needed the drink after his drop, and he sat back and sipped it as he thought of the crazy things that happened in a war.

There was a sudden whine overhead which grew to a roar and Bill ducked and got ready to drop flat. The professors remained unperturbed as the shell erupted in an angry, ripping explosion on the far side of the ravine.

"Don't bother to duck," said Professor Armand. "We have here a fairly dead spot. Only high-angle mortars can come down here and so far they have not. And we have been here four years already."

"Four years!" exclaimed Bill. "Four years right here in Verdun!"

"Four years right here in Verdun," said Professor Dupré.

"How come?" demanded Bill. "Tell me about it."

"Little to tell," said Professor Benet. "We were on the reserve list after having served our period in the Army in young days. Our cards said 'professors' and somebody in the War Ministry said we should go to Verdun and establish the Service Météorologique here. And here we are."

"But what do you do?" asked Bill.

"Well, this week I am the cook," explained Professor Duchin. "Etienne tends the garden. Paul takes care of the bunks and the housekeeping. Armand does the work of the service. You see, we send up the balloons to test the wind every hour. We make the weather reports and observations."

"But you are soldiers, part of the army, too?" questioned Bill.

"Well," said Professor Duchin with a smile, "somebody has us listed as soldiers. We advise the artillery so wind and air conditions can be figured in firing the guns. We advise the staff on wind direction so the proper gas attacks can be made. I suppose we have a part in the war that way. We see the soldiers pass up the road and the wounded come down. Hundreds, thousands go up and are carried down. We sit here and smoke. The war passes by. But enough of this. I must get ready the lunch."

"And have you never changed station in all the four years?" asked Bill, turning to Professor Benet.

"No," said the professor. "We are perhaps the forgotten men. The War Ministry sent us here. They have heard of no casualties here. They send no one to take our place. We just live on and every four months we go out on leave for eight days, or if the offensives are on it is once in eight months. And so we live, and read, and wait, and wonder what will stop it all, and what it all means, and what will happen after. And

when we read papers we wonder about this Democracy you are fighting for."

Bill sat silent, wondering about these four strange men, these college professors in their drab blue uniforms smoking their pipes in a sheltered spot on the world's greatest battlefield.

Bill was thinking of the wonder of the thing, of the strange spectacle of four professors quietly smoking in a ravine at Verdun while the world raged. Thinking it over, he decided the rages were more intense in proportion to the distance from the front line. There was probably a lot more shouting and hating going on in the vicinity of 42d Street and Broadway than in any of the places along the Western Front.

He was almost dozing when there came the sharp sound of a bell, ringing brokenly but insistently.

He saw the four old professors freeze in their seats, pipes held rigid, ears alert. The ringing went on for a few seconds.

"Attention!" cried Professor Napoleon suddenly. "Paul, take the instruments. Etienne the telephones. Armand, the poste observation. Quick. It is the time."

In a moment the four old men were darting to their appointed posts.

"Come with me, hurry, hurry," said Professor Armand, motioning to Bill as he hurried deep into the cave back of the living rooms. Bill followed. He found himself at the bottom of a deep shaft. Armand was rapidly mounting a ladder at the side and motioned Bill to follow him. They went up step after step, fully one hundred and fifty feet, and emerged at the top into a steel shelter, dark, with little streaks of light showing through slits. They were in the observatory of the station.

"You see," the professor was explaining, his eyes glittering and intense, "this is one of the times we really live for up here. Down at the side of the hill are the wind sleeves. Once in a while when the higher command decides to go in for gas at a particular spot in the line, where perhaps some unusual activity is going on, we fix up an instrument on the wind sleeves. It is fixed so that when the sleeve points exactly in the direction of the proposed target for a certain time a bell rings.

"It's then we give the word. It is right for gas. The signal has just been given. Right now Etienne is phoning the staff. It is a new strong point to be attacked, a place on which the Germans have been at work for two weeks. There is also an ammunition dump there, we believe. Steady now, Armand will give the word. The artillery will begin, and you shall see."

A moment later the earth trembled with the roar of great guns. At first it seemed as if there had been a single great explosion, and then the inside of



"Don't bother to duck. We have here a fairly dead spot"

The pilot took a shot at him as he passed



the observatory seemed to be within a great drum, with a giant drummer beating a terrific rolling and shuddering drum call.

"Quick, now!" cried Armand. "Your eye to the telescope and you will see it all. You will maybe see what good professors are at war, eh?"

Bill, trembling with the vibrations of the gunfire, put his eye to the powerful telescope.

When he had conquered his trembling a bit and had steadied his eye to the piece there suddenly unfolded to his vision an amazing spectacle. Far over to the east of Verdun the telescope held a circular space in its fixed view and within this space, as within the frame of a painting that had suddenly come alive, was being enacted one of the great terroristic dramas of the war.

The area seemed to be ringed in by a great black waterfall that was flowing upside down. It was the perfect box barrage of the seventy-fives, and, earth shooting high into the air, the barrage was seemingly a solid wall of bubbling movement. Rocks and debris were shooting from the ends like spray.

"Watch closely," whispered Armand, who had an eye glued to another telescope. "That is the barrage, and now they are hemmed in and you will see the gas go over."

There was a wisp of white smoke from a strip of French trench, then another and another until all down the line for three or four hundred yards there appeared a cloud hugging the ground. It moved, rolled, drifted, steadily pushed on toward the center of the space enclosed by the barrage.

As the cloud closed on the German trench Bill saw the first sign of life there. Huddled figures, with their gas masks showing them up as queer animals through the telescope, struggled out of the trench and stumbled around, some of them toward the barrage and others toward shell holes back of the line.

Some of the masked figures fell. The cloud of gas rolled relentlessly on until almost the entire scene was mercifully enfolded. Bill saw two men striding toward the left of the trapped area, one pompous even in his danger and the other evidently terrified. They looked like descriptions he had heard of Prussian officers and the way in which they were followed about by orderlies. The little man, the terrified one, struggled through the other side of the barrage still on his feet. He was half carrying and half dragging the pompous fellow.

The drumfire suddenly stopped. There was dead silence. Great drops of perspiration were rolling down Bill's pale face. He saw the gas cloud thin out. There were forms of men over there, some still, some slowly moving, in the frame of the telescope's picture of sudden death on the Western Front.

Bill was pale and his mouth was dry, but Professor Armand was chuckling as he led the way down the shaft. Bill had seen his war. He had seen it more vividly than he had in the few days he had been in the balloons. He was going back there with a lot more respect for the things that might happen, and a far greater understanding of why things happened suddenly in the line. Perhaps there were a few professors scattered around back of the German lines.

When Bill stepped out into the sunlight he found the three professors he had left below calmly smoking again on the bench in front of their dwelling place. Their faces were slightly flushed, however, and they were smiling grimly.

"Well, and how do you like this war of ours?" finally remarked Professor Duchin.

"It was some show," Bill replied. "It was a terrific show. I thought you fellows were just sitting here loafing. It seems altogether cockeyed. Here you are, school teachers, professors, nice old fellows loafing in the sun, and over there are a lot of young Germans dead and dying. War is sure playing hell with things."

"Don't worry about it," murmured Duchin. "There is (*Continued on page 52*)

SAFEGUARD of

By

ANDREW C. McLAUGHLIN

The Constitution of the United States is one hundred and fifty years old. Why has it survived the changes of a tumultuous century and a half in which numerous dynasties crumbled and nations came into being and died? Dr. McLaughlin, famous University of Chicago historian and author of "A Constitutional History of the United States," Pulitzer Prize Winner in History for 1936, gives some of the reasons. A son of Dr. McLaughlin's, Captain Rowland Hazard McLaughlin, 314th Field Artillery, 80th Division, was killed in action, October 13, 1918 at Septsarges, near Montfaucon

WHEN a well-known Frenchman was asked after the French Revolution what he had done to distinguish himself during that strenuous time, he said, "I lived." So if anyone should be asked to-day what is most noteworthy about the Constitution of the United States, he can justly say, "It has lived."

Life for a hundred and fifty years in a rapidly changing world is a remarkable achievement. In many respects the world of man, the world in which we eat and sleep and work, has changed more in the last century and a half than it had done in the preceding fifteen hundred years. The world to-day is trembling with uncertainty; many millions of people hesitate to pick up the morning paper for fear that it may contain tidings of new danger. Europe and Asia have been giving new revelations of what Jefferson called "the throes and convulsions of the ancient world." But the Constitution still stands. This longevity—for among the constitutions of the earth our constitution is old and weatherbeaten, but strong—is a mark of vitality.

Just as the nineteenth century began, Thomas Jefferson, in his memorable inaugural address, said that the American Government was the strongest government on earth. Foreign readers—if there were any who deigned to read—must have indulged in a sneering smile at the boldness of this man heading a people gathered in a few widely scattered settlements on the margin of an untamed continent.

"Sometimes," he further announced, "it is said that man cannot be trusted to govern himself. Can he then be trusted to govern others? Or have we found angels in the forms of kings to govern him? Let history answer the question."

Well, history, not only before he said those words but since that time, has answered the question. As the decades went by, monarchs were overthrown, established dynasties disappeared in the mist, but America shows no signs of a decrepit old age. Why was Jefferson so confident? He was confident because the government was the people's government and the law their law; he believed this country to be "the only one where every man, at the call of the law, would fly to the standard of the law and would meet invasions of the public order as his own personal concern."

There is no need of representing the constitutional system of the United States or the political practices and traditions that have grown on or about the written document as perfect and above all criticism. I am not now attempting either to pick flaws or to deny their existence. Human arrangements are not likely to work with absolute perfection. The purpose of this article is simply to emphasize the plainest and most significant of all facts—the Constitution has lived.

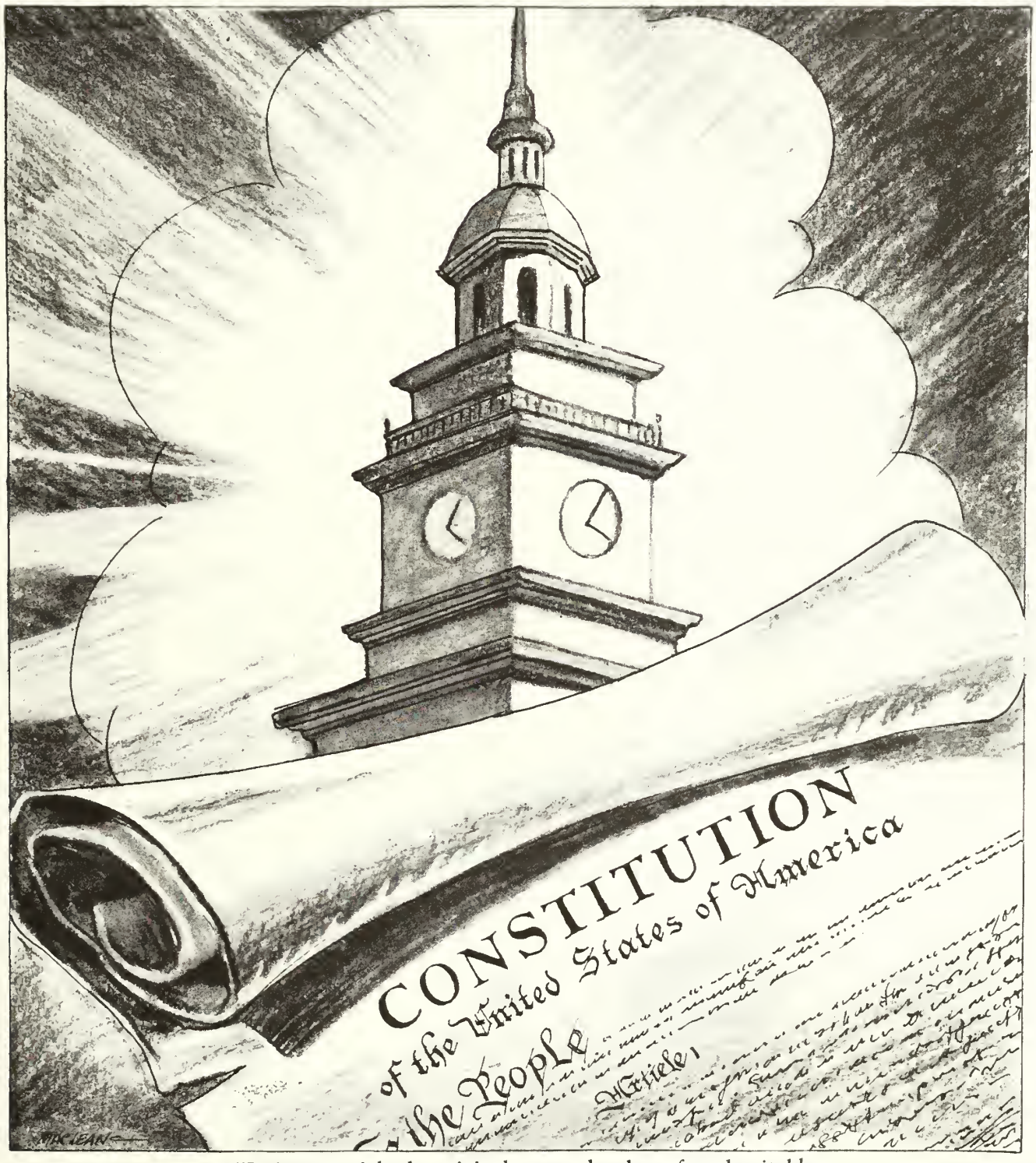
There must be within the core of this whole complex system, in which we live and which we have succeeded in managing, something more substantial than governmental forms, something with sustaining and life-giving qualities. What is it? It is an elementary moral principle, the vital principle of democracy. That principle is a respect for human personality. You may think of democracy as a government by numbers, as a system assuring the powers of a majority to have its way. That may pass as a fairly useful definition, but it is unsatisfying. Again I must quote Jefferson: "All, too, must bear in mind this sacred principle, that though the will of the majority is in all cases to prevail, that will to be rightful must be reasonable."

By "reasonable" perhaps he meant not harsh, not cruel. But it is fair to suppose he meant more: conclusions of a majority must be based on discussion, on argument and interchange of opinion. And so democracy has been sometimes called government by discussion. If we occasionally grow weary of discussion which seems interminable and fruitless, we can bear in mind that it is one of the pains and penalties of popular government and infinitely preferable to ruthless dictation. A system of political order, which not only allows people to think but stimulates thought, contains within its very core that spark of vitality of which I have spoken, the spark that has kept the Constitution alive, while governments resting on repression and suppression have silently or, at times, with great clatter, slipped away to be lost in the corridors of time.

Though the Constitution of the United States is still standing, it has not stood still. It has been amended and can be again. Of the twenty-one amendments, the first ten may be considered not improperly as a part of the original document. More significant is the fact that, in its essentials, the original system has been found suitable for a mighty nation and for a rapidly changing industrial life. "A constitution," Chief Justice Marshall said over a hundred years ago, "is founded for ages to come and is designed to approach immortality as nearly as human institutions can approach it." His decisions show this broad outlook; for he was not a narrowminded, pedantic legalist. Sometimes it is said that the Constitution has been expanded by interpretation; not a very happy word if it means the power and the right to indulge in subterfuge. This adaptation is, however, chiefly due to the fact that the Constitution is general in its terms, not crudely specific or detailed.

Take for instance the power of Congress to regulate interstate and foreign commerce; think of commerce as it was a century and a half ago and of what it is now. The powers involved in the regulation of commerce, said the Supreme Court fifty years ago, "keep pace with the progress of the country, and adapt them-

Our LIBERTIES



"In its essentials the original system has been found suitable for a mighty nation and a rapidly changing industrial life"

selves to the new developments of time and circumstances. They extend from the horse with its rider to the stage-coach, from the sailing-vessel to the steamboat, from the coach and the steamboat to the railroad and from the railroad to the telegraph . . . " Since that decision, commerce has been seen to include intercourse by radio and the airplane.

We must return to Jefferson's announcement that the will of the majority must prevail. The Declaration of Independence, coming from Jefferson's own pen, declares that there are unalienable rights, rights which no government can take away and no one can surrender, among them are "life, liberty and the pursuit of (*Continued on page 40*)

A TIE that BINDS

A MAN walking down the aisle stopped short and whooped as he recognized the man in the car seat in front of me. The other whooped.

"You might have thought a long lost brother had been found," said the man sitting next to me, after the two had calmed down a little. "It seems they are no blood relation at all."

"Served in the same unit in the war and haven't seen each other since," I remarked.

"How do veterans get that way?" he asked.

If I really got started trying to explain that to a non-member I'd have to say as much as the two in the seat in front of us.



"Have veterans always been that way?" the man sitting beside me wanted to know.

I told him he could take it from Ned Rudge, whom I knew in my young days, that they always had been. Ned was not Over There in 1917-18, but Down There in 1846-'48.

Survivors of the Mexican War, which ended thirteen years before the Civil War began, were still living ten years after the World War. Ned had known several veterans of the War of 1812, and, in his boyhood, a veteran of the Revolution. He was a half-way link in the chain of tradition of all our wars.

The tufts over his eyes were like two gray horns. His goat beard—then the fashion for elders and which my grandfather favored—prevented your seeing whether his collar was buttoned or not. He said the beard took the place of a muffler to keep him from getting sore throat in winter. Also, he held that a glass of rye, which he took straight, was not only good for his throat but his innards. When Mrs. Rudge was not present he referred to his innards as guts.

Just as a venerable veteran is entitled to do, Ned used to sit in the sun in the spring and in the shade in summer, his hands crossed over his cane head, looking far away. Sometimes he would break off in the middle of reminiscence:

"But it's hard for you to understand. You weren't down there."

For he had been with Scott's six thousand to the capture of Mexico City, which the then very old Duke of Wellington, who had polished off Napoleon at Waterloo some thirty years before, regarded as one of the most daring and brilliant campaigns of all military history.

"Yessirree, sonny, I've traveled considerable and seen considerable.



We thought we had a lot of drilling till Old Hat took us in tow. You see we called Scott Old Hat because of the funny hat he wore. He was a mountain of a man. When he had us ready, it was right across the Gulf of Mexico with the gunboats of the Navy for company. The gunboats made an awful racket, and we jumped ashore and took the city of Vera Cruz.

"I could tell you a lot about that. It was pretty exciting. Beyond the town we hit that hot sand—hot as if it was in the bottom of an oven, and deep. You had to corkscrew one leg and then the other out of it. The water in your canteen wasn't enough to wet your whistle. Your tongue rattled around like a dipper in an empty pail. It makes me thirsty to think of it."



There Ned was likely to call for a glass of water before he continued his tale.

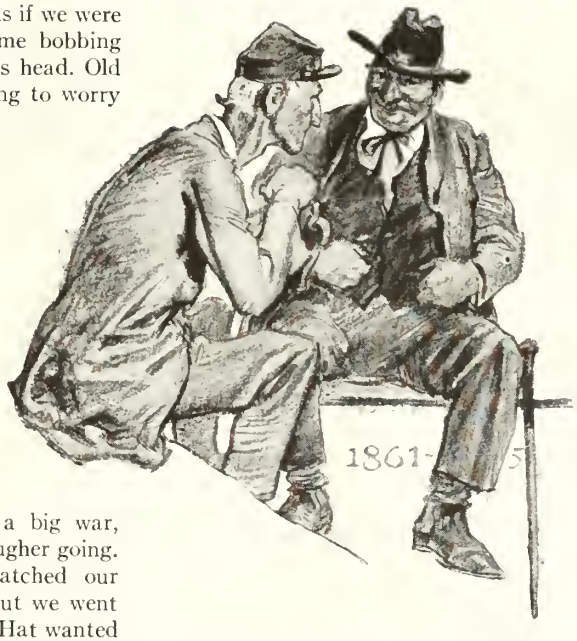
"Old Hat, he came along and says, 'Boys, it ain't quicksand. We'll get through it. We got to.' And Gene Thompson—he had that much brass, did Gene—he and I were close as brothers—Gene, he asked Old Hat if he was going to drill us some more. Old Hat grinned. He says, 'Boys, I'd never got you as far as this if I hadn't drilled you plenty.' He was something of a joker, himself, was Old Hat—and in more ways than one.

"Well, we got through the sand, and marched on till we were up against that deep pass with the Mexicans shooting down

on us right smart. It looked as if we were stuck. But that old hat came bobbing along way above everybody's head. Old Hat says, 'This ain't anything to worry about. I've seen worse back in 1812. Now you'll see what I drilled you for.' Foxy Old Hat!"

Ned would chuckle over Scott's strategy, and then go on:

"Against the advice of a lot of his officers, he sent us right through the brush and up and down the rocks over the mountains. None of these young Civil War fellows, who are doing a good deal of talking because they were in such a big war, need tell me they had any rougher going. We skinned our shins, scratched our faces and tore our clothes, but we went just as fast and artful as Old Hat wanted us to, and worked out his plan complete and on time. Yessirree, we got the Mexicans by surprise, on the hip and some of them in the stern sheets, I can tell you."



And so on to Churubusco, and Molino del Rey, and the storming of Chapultepec in that romantic business in the sight of snow-crowned Popocatepetl—Ned and Gene Thompson side by side, when they were young and lusty!

"We had big company on that campaign, Colonel Robert E. Lee, Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, and Lieutenant Jackson—him the Johnnies called 'Stonewall' after Bull Run. Well, when we got to the foot of that big rock (Chapultepec) and we started up we knew when we got to the top the city was ours, and the war over. I was half way up when I was stopped."

There Ned would tap his cane.

"Bullet in the ankle. It hurt like sixty when the doctor worked over it. He couldn't get all the splinters back just right. It still hurts when I get an attack of rheumatiz."

Now Ned would drop an eyelid over a significant twinkle in his eye, and make the wink very suggestive if Mrs. Rudge were in sight.

"While I was in billets recovering, there was a Mexican girl who was very kind to me. She was a good looker, and no mistake, with her black hair and snapping black eyes and the way she could smile looking over the top of her fan! I guess I'd married her if Jim Harper hadn't got after me. Jim said her love just wouldn't hold out against our climate, she just wouldn't feel at home in the snowdrifts and she'd long for palm trees and tortillas instead of buckwheat cakes. I'm not sure Jim wasn't a little jealous.

"As he said, I had a bit the advantage of him. He hadn't been wounded, and didn't look pale and interesting. I wonder what became of Jim. I wrote a letter to him, but it came back through the Dead Letter Office. I wonder if he was in the late unpleasantness."

Numbers of Mexican War veterans were in that late unpleasantness, which Southerners call the War Between the States and Northerners the Civil War.

"Gene was with the Johnnies," said Ned. "I guess maybe I'd been in it, and fighting against Gene, if it hadn't been for my game ankle. Gene and I were always joshing each other. Once when the going was bad we got to joshing so hard we near came to blows. He is always asking in his letters if I remember how close he came to giving me a licking—when he knows I could throw him at wrestling two times out of three, square-hold or side-hold, though maybe, come to think of it, he was a little better than me at side-hold. He keeps on doubting if I ever told my wife about the Mexican girl after I've told him over and over that the Missus says she knows I just got vain because the girl give me a glance of pity or two. How I'd like to see Gene again! We'd have plenty to talk about



—but he's in Arizona, the derned reb."

Are veterans always that way? The reunion in the car seat, which carried on tradition, could not have had much on that of Ned and Gene.

The occasional white head of a Mexican veteran appeared but a point on the background of the mass of Civil War veterans of my boyhood memory.

Veterans of the Revolution, 1812 and the Mexican War had no such general organization and (*Continued on page 42*)

By
FREDERICK
PALMER

Illustrations by
HERBERT M. STOOPS



Ready to Go, Chicago

By Boyd B. Stutler

"HAPPY birthday to you!"

That's what the City of Chicago and all America will be saying to The American Legion when its members get together for the Twenty-First National Convention at Chicago on September 25th on through the 28th. Welcome, and happy birthday!

The Legion has grown up; it comes of full voting age this year. Though the actual twenty-first birthday does not occur until next March—when due notice of the date and event will be taken—the Twenty-First National Convention will be the occasion of a general celebration of its coming of age. And a birthday party is being planned worthy of the Legion and commensurate with its stature.

Coming to the party? Chances are the stay-at-homes will be mighty lonesome around Legion clubs and Post homes during that week.

The 1930 Convention Corporation and the host Department of Illinois are making plans and preparations to entertain a full quarter of a million Legionnaires and their families at that Convention and birthday party. Accustomed as Chicago is to great gatherings of every kind and character, Colonel A. A. Sprague, President of the Convention Corporation, and members of his staff who have kept in the very closest touch with the development of plans and indicated attendance, confidently expect the meeting in September to ring up a new high record for the city and even a new high for a Legion National Convention. Chicago has the welcome sign out. Come and bring the family.

The serious purpose of the annual conclave is indicated by the keynote suggested by National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick—"American Democracy." That will be the theme motif of the entire convention, a special keynote to celebrate the coming of age, but in reality carrying on the work begun by the men and women of the Legion back in the days when the organization was but little more than a hopeful idea. The Legion has long preached the doctrine of American Democracy and that, it would seem, is the most appropriate slogan for the year of its majority.

Six years ago, in 1933, Chicago had the privilege of entertaining the Fifteenth National Convention. It then had its

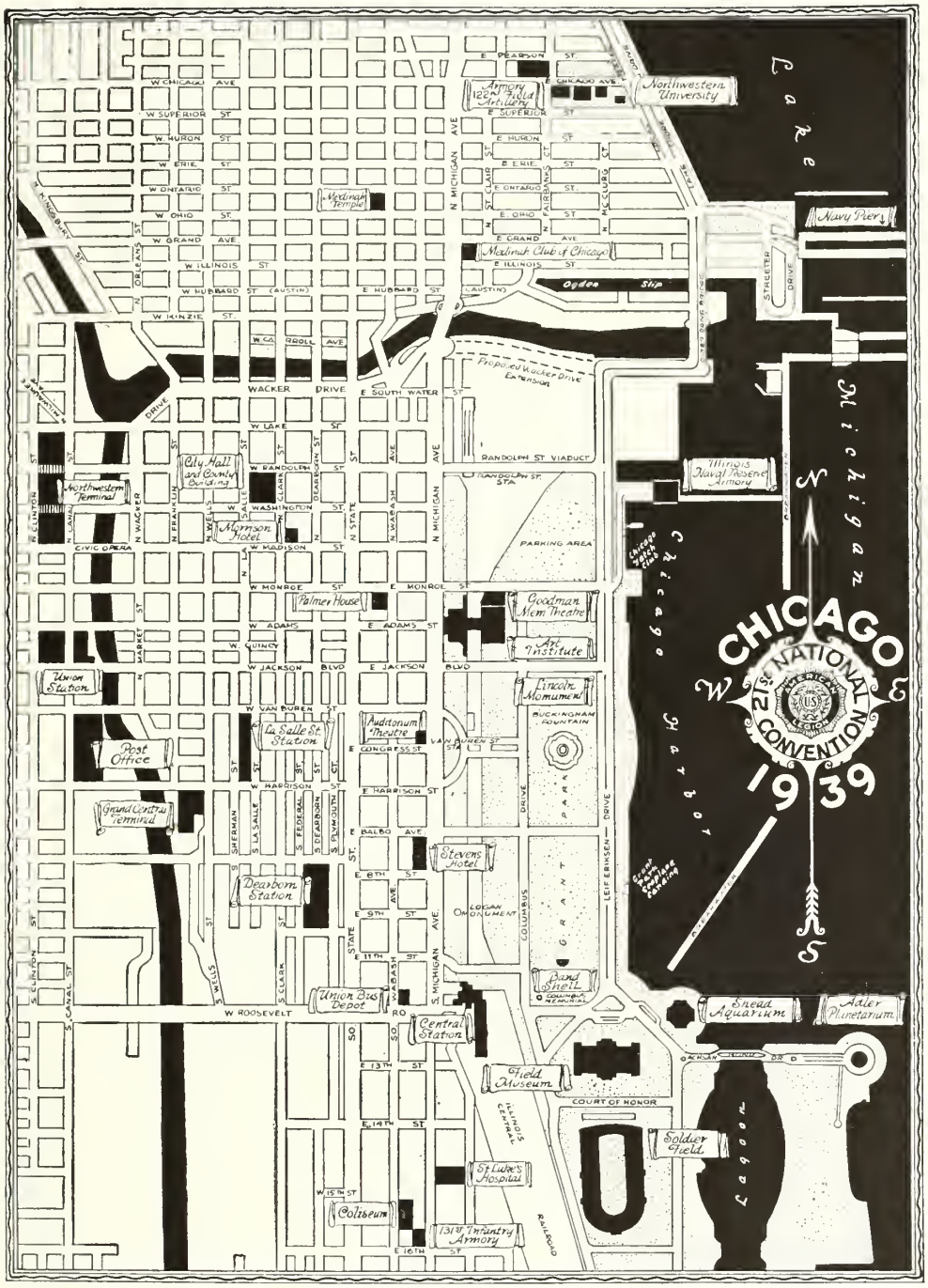


first view of America's greatest service organization at work and at play. Chicago citizens fell into the mood and the spirit of the glittering, glamorous pageant that makes up the holiday and carnival side of the annual gathering; they mixed with the Legionnaires that jampacked the entire Loop district and for hours impeded the free flow of traffic; they thrilled to the music of the bands and drum and bugle corps then, as now, clad in uniforms more gorgeous than Joseph's coat of many colors. They stood for hours and cheered the marchers in the great parade as it wound its way down Michigan Avenue into Soldier Field. Chicago liked the Legion, and almost since the day of the adjournment of the 1933 Convention the city has been planning for a return engagement.

A lot of water has laved the shore of the city's lake front since that memorable annual gathering, but not a day has passed since the 1930 Convention Corporation opened its offices that there have not come renewed evidences and assurances that the Legion likes Chicago. And, to revert to a wartime expression, some 150,000-odd Legionnaires can't all be wrong. That is just one of the reasons why, aside from compelling obligations as a most willing host, plans have been made on such an elaborate scale to care for increased numbers and to provide entertainment features in quantity and variety that will appeal and be pleasing to the visitors, who will come from the four corners of America.

The old files who attended the first Chicago Convention will find themselves very much at home. The present Convention affairs are, for the most part, being directed by men and women who were active in the organization of 1933, and who can now qualify as experts in the science of convention direction and entertainment—all under the personal supervision of Philip W. Collins, Executive Vice-President of the Convention Corporation, who also managed the show six years ago. And so the stage is set. There are, of course, some loose ends to bring together and additional details to be worked out, but the plans are made. Chicago is ready and only awaits the advance guard of the invading army of friendly Legionnaires. Come early and stay late.

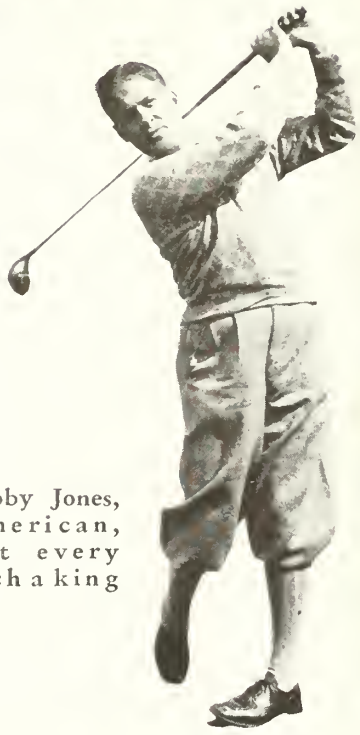
Chicago—second city in America—the metropolis of the agricultural and industrial Middle West with its beautiful parks and boulevards, its miles of lake shore, its towering buildings and sumptuous hotels, its scores of theaters and other diversified attractions, (plus the Legion Convention) offers unparalleled opportunities for rest, recreation and reunion. Its location in the heart of the nation and close proximity to the greatest centers of population make it possible for most members of the organization to make the trip and enjoy a week of reunion and association with the fellows of the old outfit at a very modest cost, whether they travel by the modern streamliners of the air or rail, use the bus


Lake Michigan
Chicago Harbor
Northwestern University
Navy Piers
Municipal Pier
Municipal Pier
Municipal Pier

FOR KING OR CUB-DICTATOR

The Swing's the

BY W. F. FOX, JR.



Bobby Jones, American, but every inch a king

IT is usually white. It may have green eyes, blue eyes, reddish eyes or black. Sometimes it has slit eyes. It is found in all parts of the world now. Frequently it will run into hiding places. Other times it may be seen sitting serenely in a small sand pile, unmindful of activities about it. Often it goes bounding down the highway and then stops by the side of the road where it can hardly be seen. It's harmless, in a way. As a matter of fact its sole purpose in life is to absorb punishment, yet . . .

Before it great men tremble. They get goose pimples. Their mental processes petrify. Generals and admirals, heavyweights and bantams, barons of business and finance, dynamiters and doughboys, deans of women and men too, gunmen and G-men, presidents, first, second, third, fourth and fifth vice-presidents and chairmen of a dozen boards, millionaires and middle-class men, aviators and elevator boys, eminent scholars and deep-sea divers, friends and enemies—not alone, or in the dark, but out in the open, armed with weapons staunch enough to subdue the attacks by a rattlesnake or a raving maniac—have been known to cringe in fear as they faced the task of slugging this little round white thing that is—you guessed it—the golf ball.

Golf, sired by field hockey and damned by practically everyone who loves it, is on the way to becoming America's foremost form of recreation. Nearly 2,000,000 Americans are venturing forth on our 5,000 golf courses to suffer the harrowing experience of attacking Public Enemy No. 1—the golf ball. No other diversion which may be classed as competitive recreation or sport comes within a trip to Mars for the production of headaches and heartthrobs. Its ever increasing population of players, overflowing the daytime links, now is seeking refuge under the arc lights of thousands of roadside driving ranges to partake of golf's dummy scrimmage.

It is a game that should be taken calmly; more often it calmly takes us. A golf ball should be stroked but people like to slug it. When playing it we should be mentally at peace, unexcited, unruffled—with our minds completely on the job.

Dr. A. S. Lamb, physical education director at McGill University, says of the game: "Golf increases the blood pressure, ruins the disposition, spoils the digestion, induces neurastheria, hurts the eyes, callouses the hands, ties kinks in the nervous system, debauches the morals, drives men to drugs, drink and homicide, breaks up the family, turns the ductless glands into internal warts, corrodes the pneumogastric nerve, breaks the edges off the vertebrae, induces spinal meningitis and progressive mendacity, starts angina pectoris—but keeps doctors out in the open and gives people in the hospitals and sickrooms a chance to get well." I am afraid the doctor has stepped into a lion's den with this statement. Horton Smith disproved all this, and also that notion of being mentally at ease, when one morning last fall he invited friends to the Washington Country Club to see a golf match in which he and Jimmy Thomson opposed Harry Cooper and Ed Dudley.

On the afternoon of that morning Horton was to make Barbara Louise Bourne his bride. And so, with his prospective bride and other wedding guests looking on, Horton after going out in 37, with pressure rising calmly, settled down to a beautiful 31 on the back nine for a round of 68. He and Jimmy won the match, 5 up and 3 to play.

Golf isn't a craze for the specific reason that crazes have a way of committing suicide. As far as the United States is concerned golf began somewhere in Georgia. Georgia's in a bit of confusion over the exact date because the Darien Chamber of Commerce calls Darien the American birthplace of the game, in 1771 while the Chamber of Commerce of Savannah is entering like claim on a similar date. No one seems to contest Charleston, South Carolina's claim to having organized the first American golf club back in 1786. If the game intended to commit suicide it surely would have gotten around to it by this time.



Leopold, King of the Belgians, a diplomat of the links

Golf was born when father did the voting, the smoking and the mixing of the drinks. It was called an old man's game and was tainted with a touch of sissiness. A man who appeared on the streets carrying golf clubs and wearing knickers was apt to be greeted with a slightly soprano "Yoo hoo."

But you can't keep a good game down, especi-

OR DUB *Thing*



King Feisal of Iraq, who at the mature age of four swings a potent mashie



The Duke of Windsor, once the mascot of Walter Hagen

ally when a good man comes along to champion its cause and produce an effect that endears it to the hearts of a nation and captivates the sport pages of the country. Such a game is golf and such a man was and is Bobby Jones.

Bobby Jones is the boy, you may recall, who took up golf and fooled the undertaker. He suffered all of golf's tortures, conquered most of them and eventually won the four major golf titles of the world—the U. S. Open and Amateur, the British Open and Amateur—in the same year, completing golf's first and only Grand Slam. He became the idol of the fairways the world over. He competes in only one tournament now but his virtual retirement has not diminished his tremendous popularity one bit. Only a few weeks ago I saw a picture of Bobby taken while he was playing in the Masters at Augusta and under that picture these words were written: "And everywhere that Bobby went, the crowd was sure to go."

The trails that Bobby blazed ignited golfing fires whose glowing embers will be as enduring as the game itself. When he was at the top of his game I wrote a letter asking him to tell me, so that I might pass the word on to thousands of young Hoosier basketball players through the medium of a basketball column, just what his competitive career meant to him. And this is what he had to say:

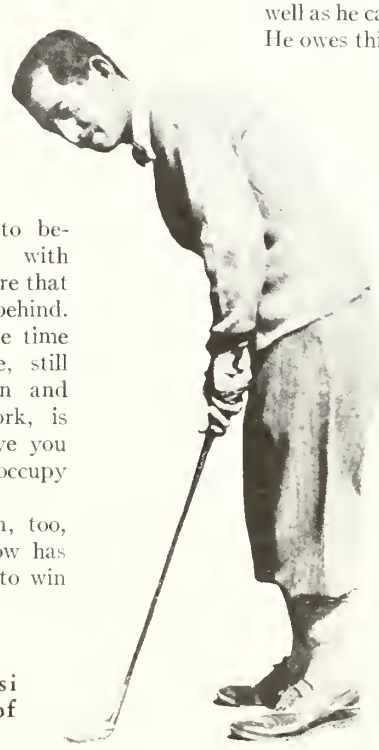
"Some people call it courage when a man keeps coming back for more with the idea of taking all the other fellow has to offer without actually lying down. But being a convenient and willing doormat doesn't get a man very far in anything, and the only reputation it gains him is that of having the ability to absorb punishment gamely.

"The real competitor takes his beatings and he comes back, but he doesn't come back for more of the same stuff. When he does come back, he has learned something, he has figured out why he was licked the first time and he has worked like blazes to see it doesn't happen again.

"Sport should teach us too that winning is dangerous, for when you have arrived at the point where you wanted to go, after working hard to get there, it is so easy and natural to become too pleased with yourself, and to figure that all the struggle is behind. This is precisely the time when someone else, still fired with ambition and still willing to work, is most likely to shove you off the perch you occupy so complacently.

"We should learn, too, that the other fellow has just as much right to win as we have; he has an equal right to have the breaks in his favor, and he suffers and feels disappointment probably just as keenly. Only by hard work and continued effort can we hope to develop the skill and stamina needed to prevail in worthy competition. A fellow who feels he ought to gain a prize when he won't do any of the things which make him capable of winning it, is asking something of the world which the world doesn't owe him.

"All that sort of 'good sportsmanship' and 'over-emphasis' talk which tries to tell us that we should take our sport in a perfectly casual, off-hand manner finds me entirely unreceptive. I don't believe in allowing sport to interfere with the more serious and more important scholastic activities, but I do most sincerely believe that good sportsmanship demands that a man who assumes to take part in an athletic contest should give the best that is in him, and prepare himself as well as he can in the time available to him. He owes this much to his opponent, as an evidence of his respect for him. It isn't necessary for a man, or a team, to win all the time, or even most of the time but it is necessary for him, or them, to play the game well enough to give themselves, and their opponents, the enjoyment of a real contest."



The late Hirosi Saito, beloved of all Washington

These words were written for youngsters, but like circuses and fireworks they might profitably be enjoyed by all of us. I have seen Bobby Jones play through a week's championship taking on less food than the average man digests in one day. I know what his keenness for competition did to him. But he fought against golf's guil-

(*Continued on page 50*)



DOLLAR POWER

By Richard Seelye Jones

INTEREST never sleeps. Like Ol' Man River, it just keeps rollin' along. Most of us encounter this tireless phenomenon from the paying end, and may regard it without much favor. Until reform took hold of the instalment-plan business we were forever being six-percented, and usually found out we were actually being twelve-percented. Even those of us who have nice, low-rate government loans on our houses are prone to suggest to Congress that five percent is usury when Uncle Sam charges it.

The American Legion for thirteen years has been collecting interest, not paying it. The nice round sum of $2,540,098.87 in interest came rolling in to the coffers of The American Legion Endowment Fund between 1925 and the end of 1938, and the fund was still there and the interest still a rollin' along. A matter of almost $200,000 every year, and nothing to do but put the checks in the bank. Yo ho, and a box full of bonds, as 'twere.

The operations of the Endowment Fund have been so smooth and almost silent that a great many members of The American Legion scarcely realize how well endowed we are, nor how our wonderful program of aid to the disabled and care for the orphans of veterans and other needy children has been financed since 1925.

Not every bit of these programs, but a sizeable part of them has been financed by the rolling of Old Man Interest. With all of the Endowment income and all of the dues and all of the sundry donations, there has never been more than enough for the tremendous tasks confronting our Rehabilitation and Child Welfare Divisions. Without the Endowment Fund backlog, the path would have been a rocky one for many years.



The Legion hears comparatively little about its five-million-dollar Endowment

The pictures shown on these pages were used in The American Legion Weekly of 1925 in stories detailing the progress of the Endowment Fund campaign.



Fund because the whole thing was so excellently planned in the first instance, and has been so excellently managed in the second. Something of the story of the planning and the management will be herein set forth. Of the quality of planning and management it is really needless to say more than that, through years of depression and recession, the Endowment Fund has stood almost intact, so much so that the Endowment Fund Corporation was able to say on January 1st of this year that there had been no defaults in principal in the account.

The income has slipped off a little as interest rates have gone down. Once we earned about 4¼ percent on our endowment. Now we earn a little less than 4 percent. In the meantime hundreds and thousands of great fortunes and pools of capital, public and private, have been wholly or partially wiped out. We must be lucky—or something.

A few members of the Legion, including members of the National Executive Committee, know that when the Committee has a meeting at National Headquarters there is also a meeting of The American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation. On these occasions nine men, who happen to be members of the Legion but might not be for all the law says about it, sit down and check over some financial statements. They examine a long list of bonds. They look at the report of a certified accountant. They talk a little about this or that item, make a few succinct decisions, and are gone for another six months. Between meetings the chairman, the secretary, and the treasurer, together with the bank which keeps the securities in its vaults, function methodically. One officer of the Corporation and one officer of the bank have keys which, together, open the box where the Endowment Fund's five million is stored. At intervals they check over the securities in the box. At other intervals there is turned over to The American Legion the net income of the trust.

This money is allocated as the need dictates and with the most scrupulous regard for the pledges made to the American public when the fund was created nearly fourteen years ago. As no salaries are paid and no expenses of administration are deducted from the Endowment Fund or from its annual yield, the entire interest income may be figured as gross or net, depending entirely on the place in the ledger one chooses to look. Approximately one-half of this income, and just to be explicit about it let's call it gross, goes automatically into the funds of the Rehabilitation Division to be properly expended in its work of caring for the sick and disabled veterans of the World War, for their relief and to make certain of the proper application of the generous provisions made for them by the Federal Government through its agencies.

The remaining generous portion goes into the active, working funds of the Child Welfare Division, where it supplements the funds appropriated from the national Legion treasury and the liberal contributions made by affiliated bodies, all set apart and earmarked for the care, education and training of orphan and under-privileged children. The income from the Endowment Fund can be used for nothing but the purposes set out above. That was the pledged purpose of the trust, and a certificate that the income is so used—the principal remaining inviolate and unimpaired—must be regularly submitted to the Endowment Fund Corporation.

THE fund itself and the use of the interest derived from it are a solemn trust, held sacred to the great humanitarian purposes for which created. The Legion, because of this Endowment and its most estimable co-laborer, Old Man Interest, has been able to carry on an expanded program of assistance to "Those Who Gave the Most"—a phrase that quickened the spark of emotion when appeals were made for contributions fourteen years ago—and in the broader field to "Those Who Need Help Most"—the orphaned and under-privileged children. I have thought, and I believe National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick fully agrees with me, that the readiness with which the citizens of America responded to the invitation to fill the coffers of the Endowment Fund, was just the boost needed by the Legion itself to inspire a confidence in itself and in its program. The lines on the membership chart swing smartly upward from the date of the inception of the creation of this financial backlog, and The American Legion must always be grateful for this most substantial token of confidence so freely given by the people just at the time it was needed most. That is why Commander Chadwick, and all of his predecessors since the time Commander Jim Drain crusaded from one end of the country to the other, have so jealously guarded the fund and have permitted no diversion from the original purpose.

Yes, it is very pleasant to be comfortably endowed and doubly pleasant when, true as the Pole Star to a charted course, every penny yielded from the endowment goes to the assistance of "Those Who Gave the Most."

Prior to that now distant year of 1925, The American Legion, money-wise, was—well, not broke, but often badly bent. Rich in purpose and in manpower, it was poor in dollarpower, and each year saw financial (*Continued on page 56*)

A JOB for YOUR POST

By Jack Crowley

CHAIRMAN, *Veterans' Employment Committee*
THE AMERICAN LEGION

IT WAS, I believe, Mark Twain who said "Everybody talks about the weather but no one ever does anything about it." He could just as well have used a good old New England aphorism to put his point across: "Great cry and little wool; all talk and no cider." But the weather, save on rare and exceptional occasions, does not simultaneously present a major problem to the people of an entire nation. And if it did, the laws of nature still stand without amendment, all pother to the contrary, and the flood of conversation would have to roll on and on.

Likewise, there has been a lot of talk and discussion about unemployment. Conferences without number have been held; complete surveys have been made, and pictures of the situation as it affects the unemployed, potential employers, and the public welfare have been drawn.

America's Number One problem today is to provide jobs for several millions of honest, self-respecting, home-loving American citizens. The part of the problem which more particularly confronts our committee and The American Legion is that of finding employment and economic security for more than 300,000 World War veterans—men who served with us in the defense of our country a little more than 20 years ago—who are now in middle-life.

This unemployment program, it will be recalled, was by mandate of the National Convention held in New York in 1937, made secondary only to rehabilitation. Unlike the problem of which Mark Twain spoke, something can be done about this. Much has been done.

But there is a long, hard pull ahead before anything approaching a reasonably satisfactory solution is reached.

The big part of the job remains to be done, and just how well it is done depends entirely upon how well individual Legionnaires and Legion Posts and Departments are sold upon our own program. It is a real and vital concern, not only of a few Posts and Departments, but of the entire organization of The American Legion.

It is at one and the same time a challenge and a call to arms as clear-cut and as compelling as any the Legion has ever heard and heeded in more than twenty years of peacetime service. It is not a job that can be carried on alone by your Veterans' Employment Committee or by



A flashback to 1933, when through the Legion employment officers former Sergeant Edgar M. Halyburton, first United States soldier captured by the Germans, got a job with the Ford Motor Company



A few of the thousands who a year ago waited outside the Minnesota State Employment Service at St. Paul to register for unemployment compensation

its Chairman. It's a job for your Post.

The special function of your Employment Committee is to serve as a clearing house and message center for the Legion employment committees and workers; to suggest plans of action, direct the campaigns, coordinate the efforts of the entire organization, and to serve as a liaison between the national organization and other groups and agencies who are working in a common cause. That is just what the National Employment Committee has been doing, and that, until a better plan is formulated, it will continue to do.

No attempt is made to pass the buck or shift the burden of responsibility for the unemployment program onto other shoulders. After all, the problem is a local one, and the battle must be fought out in the home sectors and for the great part by local troops. Every Post should by this time have its employment organization completed and contacts made with employers in its home area, large and small. In no other way can the jobless man and the manless job be brought together and the bogie man of unemployment, which dogs the steps of these millions, be put to rout.

In a former article in this magazine (*Your Job—Their Jobs*, April, 1938) a plan of post organization was suggested, which need not be repeated here. Since that article was written and sent out through the magazine to every Legionnaire, your legion Employment Committee has published an *Employment Officers' Manual*, compiled by Paul H. Griffith, National Director of Employment, and distribution has been made to all Posts, to the Auxiliary Units, and to thousands of interested Legionnaires. More gratifying than the calls that came from within the organization for copies of this manual were the calls that came from without. That is just one of the things accomplished during the past year as a contribution to the sum total of the work of the committee.

So much for the plan and division of responsibility. Now let's see what this question really is and why a voluntary organization such as The American Legion should concern itself so much about it. The roots of the problem go much deeper than is apparent on the surface. It is one that threatens our American prosperity and our American standard of living. Unless the question is soon and properly solved it will threaten even our American form of government. It is not a new problem, neither is it one which concerns only the present. It is a long-range problem, and as such it cuts across every ideal and activity of The American Legion.

It is a social problem, not peculiar to America alone, but one with which all industrial (*Continued on page 46*)

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 12, 1939

MY DEAR COMMANDER CHADWICK:

The constructive interest of The American Legion, displayed from the beginning in promoting the development of the United States Employment Service, is again manifested in your letter of June nineteenth. I have long known and appreciated this attitude and I am glad to receive the suggestions expressed in your letter.

In reply, I wish first to acknowledge with appreciation the widespread participation by The American Legion in the observance of "Employment Week," which was recently established by Presidential Proclamation. The success accomplished was due, in part, to your earnest support of this national appeal for the creation of equitable opportunities for employment for Veterans, and for older workers in general.

The purposes underlying that Proclamation included the principle that sound selective processes must be utilized in filling vacant jobs. Fitness for the work to be done is primary if the worker referred by the Employment Service is to hold the job. Otherwise there cannot be mutually satisfactory relations between the worker and the employer. This, however, is not the only function of the Employment Service. There are social objectives of great importance to the community which must be carefully regarded. One of these is the equitable sharing of employment opportunities so that no group—notably, the older workers whose family responsibilities are at peak—shall be discriminated against, or neglected.

It is my belief that the placement service is essential to the satisfactory administration of all public works projects. It has been utilized, as required under federal regulations, by all contractors for public works and with increasing satisfaction to all concerned.

I also believe that all private employers and all workers are entitled to the help of Employment Service. Its use on their part is voluntary. That is, however, but the greater reason why its operation should command full respect and confidence in every quarter.

It is recognized, in short, that the Employment Service is an essential agency within each community and that it must continue to meet its full opportunities and to improve in efficiency. To that end, those concerned with its organization and administration, undoubtedly, will fix responsibilities on particular officials in such manner that the incentives and initiative of its personnel will be fostered, and its facilities and prestige extended.

In conclusion, I refer particularly to your concern for the continuance of the Veterans' Placement Service. It is in point to note that specific provisions of the Wagner-Peyser Act require the maintenance of "a Veterans' Service to be devoted to securing employment for Veterans," in each local office of the several State Employment Services. These provisions of law remain in effect. It is my purpose that they shall be observed.

Very sincerely yours,
(*signed*) FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Commander Stephen F. Chadwick,
The American Legion,
Indianapolis,
Indiana.

For the DURATION

STABILIZATION is the dream of every membership committee. Everyone wants to get away from the annual headache of rounding up the old Post members and collecting their dues for the year ahead. It's a thankless job at best (since when have dues-collectors and tax-gatherers become popular?) but under the system of year-by-year renewals which is employed by all but a very few Posts, and upon which the present high national membership has been built, it is a most necessary and highly important one. An automatic membership is the goal dreamed of. But how? Aye, there's the rub!

For many years committees acting for various units of the Legion have given the question of stabilization most thoughtful consideration. Plan after plan has been devised—some very successful ones—yet the complete solution seems just beyond the grasp: Now that we're a million again, and hope to stay that way a long time, stabilization efforts as a means of consolidating and holding the membership gains are increasingly evident on all fronts.



A real Americanism Poster designed for and distributed by Road of Remembrance Post, Youngstown, Ohio

It is also increasingly evident that many Posts are thinking of the establishment of self-sustaining life membership trusts as one means of attaining and holding a considerable body of automatic members. Life membership, perhaps, is not within itself an answer to the question, but it is one of the things that can be and is being done by some of the progressive Posts. A couple of months ago this department made a very brief mention of the benefit plan worked out by Worsham Post of Henderson, Kentucky, and as an indication of the way the wind is blowing. This mention brought a number of letters asking for complete details of the plan. "It may interest you to know," writes Comrade Paul Banks, Worsham Post's Publicity Officer, "that I am receiving letters from all over the United States requesting information about the installation and operation of our death benefit fund. It seems that many Posts are very much interested."



Now—timely enough—Adjutant C. Keller, of 322d Field Artillery Post, Dayton, Ohio, writes of a combined life membership and benefit plan used by his Post, which has had remarkable success. The idea seems well worth passing on to other outfits which are casting about for a safe and sane stabilizer. Says Comrade Keller:

"The life membership and benefit plan was conceived by one of our members who realized that as Legionnaires grow older and pass out of the productive period of life some might have difficulty in keeping their standing as dues-paying members of the Post. To guard against such a contingency in his own case he deposited $150.00 as a trust fund in an insured institution, the interest to be used to pay his annual dues to 322d Field Artillery Post. Others joined with him, and as a result we now have a strong 'Life Membership and Benefit Association' as a guarantee of a continuing Post membership.

"The plan under which the Association operates is very simple. The membership entrance fee was fixed at $150.00, a sum equal to the original deposit, which can be paid in full at the time of joining the Association or can be paid in installments in sums as low as one dollar. Each payment made, whether it be the full sum or an installment, is credited to the account of the member, but control of the fund, under proper safeguards, is always in the hands of the officers of the Association. The fixed charge against the yield is at present



five dollars per year for the Post dues, thus it can be readily seen that any rate of interest on the full membership trust in excess of three and three-quarters percent will leave a balance to add to the principal or to pass out as a dividend. Under the agreement the principal is to remain intact at all times and at the death of the member is to be paid to his family or his estate. Approximately twenty-five percent of our membership is enrolled in the Association and a considerable number are well on their way to complete payment and full life membership. It is believed that fully fifty percent of the membership will subscribe to the plan.

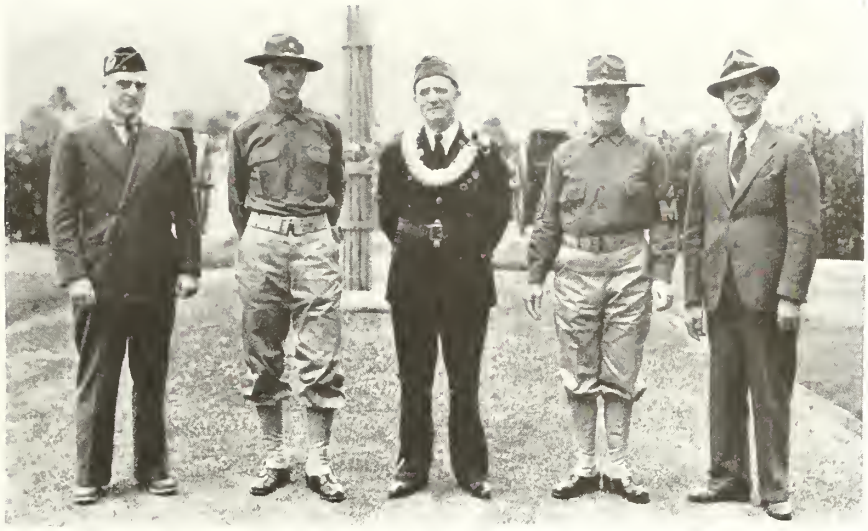
"A provision for withdrawal from the Association and refund of all payments is made in the agreement should a mem-

ber, by reason of serious illness or other extenuating circumstances, become urgently in need of cash."

This plan, opines Comrade Keller, insures the perpetuation of 322d Field Artillery Post "even if the members live to be one hundred and stand on the end of their whiskers."

The Answer to Isms

ROAD of Remembrance Post of Youngstown, Ohio, is responsible for a splendid piece of Americanism work in its home city in the preparation and distribution of a striking flag poster. Commander James H. Wilson writes that "Road of Remembrance Post is doing its utmost to make Youngstown a flag-minded community. A beautiful flag poster, with an appropriate message, was designed for us by Vice Commander John P. Barrett, which has been made up in three convenient sizes. We have distributed these posters for display in all public buildings and public places, and when the schools open this fall we will place one, fifteen by twenty inches in size, in every classroom in the city. The local reaction to our program has been decidedly favorable."



A reunion of old Wolfhounds at Honolulu recalls days of service in Siberia—C. M. Peters, Master Sergeant Fisel, National Commander Chadwick, First Sergeant McIntyre, and George T. Armitage



Reunion in Honolulu

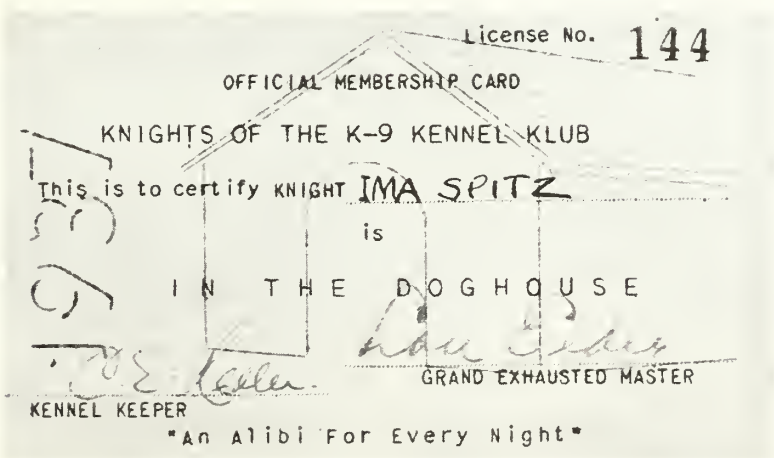
A FEW weeks ago when National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick paid an official visit to the Department of Hawaii, he was received with almost royal honors. No organization was more enthusiastic in the reception than the 27th Infantry, U. S. Army, with which he served as a First Lieutenant in the A. E. F. Siberia, some twenty years ago. An impressive regimental review was tendered Commander Chadwick by Colonel E. F. Harding at Fort De Russy, Honolulu, where the regiment is stationed. At the conclusion of the review the Commander held an informal reunion with the old "Wolfhounds" who are now in Hawaii, with a hundred percent attendance—Master Sergeant Fisel and First Sergeant McIntyre, who are still on active duty with the 27th, and two civilians, Legionnaires C. M. Peters, of Wailuku, Maui, and George T. Armitage, of Honolulu, whose prize-winning story of Siberian service, "Ah, Those Amerikanskies," was published in the July number.

K-9 Kennel Klub

LEGIONNAIRE Louis R. Elder, of Brooklyn, New York, founder and Grand Exhausted Master of the K-9 Kennel Klub, gives us the low-down on that great American institution, the doghouse, and some of the things his great-hearted organization—which deserves to be better known—is doing to ameliorate the condition of long-suffering kennel inmates. Master Elder admits that the Klub is non-partisan, non-political and non-composmentis.

"In the first place," says the Grand Exhausted Master, "the doghouse idea originated when Adam bit that apple, and has been handed down from generation to generation. For thousands of years nothing had been done to help those benighted benedicts until 1935, when, after a regular meeting of Sergeant Joyce Kilmer Post, Brooklyn, a plan was conceived to aid harassed husbands who were unable to concoct an alibi, with the announced purpose of furnishing "an alibi for every knight." Every Legionnaire is a potential kandidate—there are no dues other than a paid-up Legion card.

"The K-9ers go from Post to Post ever with a kindly smile and a cheerful message, for although membership in this institution does not preclude banishment to the doghouse, inmates will be assured of the sympathy of hundreds—nay thousands—of compassionate companions. The K-9's have shunned publicity, we have preferred to do our work for the Legion and for our fellow doghousers quietly and without ostentation."



Not every Knight wants an alibi for every night, but Lou Elder's K-9 Kennel Klub of Klegionnaires aims to please

Five Brothers Club

ANOTHER group of members for the Five Brothers Club, all members of the same Legion Post, this time from Michigan and New York, with an added group of four brothers from Wyoming thrown in for good measure. Commander C. J. Weaver, of the Saratoga County (New York) Organization, writes that the five Harney brothers, sons of Mr. and Mrs. William E. Harney, are all members in good standing in Charles

J. Brady Post, of Waterford, New York, and to prove his statement he sends a picture of the five brothers taken with their parents on May 30th of this year. Of the brothers, John F., William B., Jr., and Frank E., served in France during the World War, while Roger A. and Thomas J., were in service on this side of the water.

The five Colberg brothers hail from Wakefield, Michigan, where, according to Commander Norman R. Running, all are members of Geroux Post. Left to right in the accompanying picture the boys are William, George, Oscar, Hjalmer, and Fred. During their period of service the brothers served in different units and were stationed at widely separated points—from Honolulu to France and Siberia. Now they are back in the home sector and members of the same Legion Post.

The third group is that of the four Bell Brothers who belong to Francis E. Self Post at Cheyenne, Wyoming—Kenneth W., Ray, Frank P., and John H., to name them in the order, left to right, in the picture.







A group of families that went to war. At top, the Harney brothers, Waterford, New York, with their parents; middle, the Colberg brothers, of Wakefield, Michigan, and at bottom, the Bell brothers of Cheyenne, Wyoming. Each set belongs to one Post

Back to The Sixties

OMAHA (Nebraska) Post, which has held top place in membership for some years, does things in its home sector. For instance, when Omaha celebrated its "Golden Spike Days" last spring, Omaha Post was at its best, not only furnishing talent for the celebration but in caring for the great crowds in attendance. Here is a report from Fred Nelson:

"When plans were being made for the Golden Spike Days celebration at Omaha, one of the scheduled features was an infantry company outfitted in the uniforms and equipment of the late 1860's. Difficulties were encountered when it was found that the personnel of the Regular Army could not be used for that purpose. However, the problem was solved when an appeal was made to B. C. Grasborg, Commander of Omaha Post, who immediately referred to the roster of the 'World's Largest Post' and from it selected employes of the Union Pacific Railroad Company who, together with a sprinkling from other organizations, were quickly molded into a drill company which out-marched and out-maneuvered all other outfits in the parade. Soldiers, sailors and marines dropped twenty years from their shoulders as they paraded down the line.



"In addition to taking honors in the parades, the provisional company came to the aid of a long-suffering police force, willing but overwhelmed by the crowds. Despite long hours and tired feet these men carried on this community service so efficiently that no serious disturbance occurred in the huge throng gathered for the event. They proved once again that in an emergency the ex-service men in general, and Legionnaires in particular, can be relied upon for practical assistance and service."

First Church of the Veterans

SPONSORED by C. A. Newman, Commander of Pacific Electric Post, Los Angeles, California, the First Church of the Veterans held its initial service on Memorial Day of this year in the Pacific Electric Auditorium. So splendid was the response to the first service that meetings have since been held every Sunday morning in the same auditorium, under the direction of Reverend Richard H. Keech.

The purpose of the First Church of the Veterans, according to the sponsor, is to provide a place where veterans, their families and friends, may go and worship. "We are endeavoring to bring to war veterans," explained Commander Newman, "a house of worship where without prejudice, without intolerance, without bigotry, the veterans and the people of the nation, regardless of race or creed, can lift their voices in praise. For twenty years the Legion has had for its motto 'For God and Country.'"

Patriotic exercises preceded the formal services. The meeting was opened with singing the national anthem and the colorful advance of flags, and was closed in the same manner.

Ganschow, Americanism Chairman, is due to the youngsters of school age who are organized in school patrols, and so efficiently have they operated that not a child has been injured within many blocks of a school for several years. As a testimonial to their fine service, Phillip-Elliott-Hodges-Van Auken Post, of Saginaw, assisted by Brown-Vernon Post, arranged for an outing at the Saginaw Fair Grounds when nine hundred boys between the ages of ten and fourteen representing the city and county patrols, were royally entertained. The climax of the day came with the presentation by the Post of a bronze medal to each boy "For Outstanding Service."

Honor the Flag

"UNIQUE and inspiring Flag Day ceremonies," writes John L. Von Blon, "were conducted by Club Post at Los Angeles. This Post of sixty-five members draws its membership exclusively from the metropolitan employes of the Automobile Club of Southern California, and the services were held in the acre and a quarter patio of the general headquarters building. Club Post has its own attractive rooms in the headquarters building, which draws thousands of visitors from all parts of the world. The Post has on display an interesting collection of war trophies which is an added attraction to visitors."



Chicago Post Dedicates

AS A PRELUDE to the Twenty-First National Convention which will be held on September 25th through the 28th, Paul Revere Post has dedicated a splendid World War Memorial at a central point in its area. "The memorial occupies a triangular plot of ground at Western and Grand Avenues," says Post Publicity Officer Humbert O. Nelli, "at one of the busiest intersections in Chicago. A World War tank was mounted on a massive granite block, with sculptured battle scenes on the sides as the central and main theme. A flag pole was placed at the apex of the triangle, set in an ornamented stone pedestal; the Grand Avenue side is equipped with stone benches and a sun dial, while on the Western Avenue side carved stone pillars supporting a chain guard the front of the memorial. The entire plot has been landscaped in a pleasing design. This memorial transforms what was once a drab spot into a beautiful park, and is a real civic improvement for Chicago's West Side."



Years ago, when Omaha was young, soldiers like the ones above marched out to guard wagon trains across the plains; Omaha Post members doing their stuff at the Golden Spike celebration

Little Arlington

THE Department of New Jersey owns a cemetery for the burial of New Jersey Legionnaires, according to Howard A. MacDougall, Camden County Publicity Officer. The cemetery plot, large enough to accommodate five hundred graves, is located in the Locustwood Memorial Park, just outside the city of Camden. Each year, on the first Sunday after Memorial Day, appropriate services are held under the sponsorship of the Department at the monument which has been erected in the center of the plot.

Saginaw's Party

SAGINAW, Michigan, has won national recognition as one of the safest cities in the country. Credit for no little part of this record, according to Earl F.



Blue Earth's Pasts

BLUE Earth (Minnesota) Post is another hundred percenter in keeping its Past Commanders in active service; all but one of whom still resides in the Post area—the Past Commander who wandered away, Francis D. Zingheim, is located at Minneapolis. The Post is also quite pardonably proud of the standing of its Pasts (*Continued on page 55*)

THEN and NOW



OVER the RIVER

STANDING out prominently in our recollection of the innumerable doughboy ditties that were warbled overseas is the one that began "I'm going to build a castle on the River Rhine, I'm going to have one hell of a time," and continued toward the end "And I'll hang my pants on the Hindenburg Line, In my castle on the River Rhine." Remember it? Well, we don't have record of any castles that were built up in the Rhineland during our participation in the Occupation of that German state, but we have learned about a bunch of Amerikanischer soldats who wore the Castle as an insignia, and did a neat piece of construction work on that German river which, along with Berlin, was the determined goal of our fighters, while the battle was still going on.



At top, a pontoon bridge thrown across the Rhine River in 1919 by the 308th Engineers at Honningen, where German army engineers said it couldn't be done. Just above, men of Company E, 1st Engineers, who claim a record in pontoon-building at the same point

At any rate, we're referring to the picture of the pontoon bridge on this page and as long as C. R. Porter of Dennison (Ohio) Post, whose home is at 818 North Second Street in that city, sent the picture, we'll ask him to tell about it:

"The picture I am enclosing shows the pontoon bridge constructed by Companies A, B and D, in which latter company I was a sergeant, of the 308th Regiment of Engineers, across the Rhine River at Honningen, Germany.

"After the Third Army, or Army of Occupation, with which the 308th Engineers served as Corps Engineers, arrived in the Occupied Territory, the 308th Engineers were located at Neuwied on the banks of the Rhine. There was discovered at Neuwied enough German pontoon-bridge equipment to bridge the Rhine. Accordingly, the materials were hauled to the ferry-landing at Neuwied and floated from there down the Rhine to Honningen, at which point it had been decided to conduct a school in pontoon-bridge construction for the various Engineer regiments of Divisions in the Third Corps.

"On May 9, 1919, after permission had been obtained to stop river traffic from two to four o'clock in the afternoon, Companies A, B and D of our regiment assembled for the purpose of constructing the bridge, with Companies A and B on the west bank and Company D on the east bank of the Rhine. From the time the bridge was started until it was completed covered a period of two hours and twenty-five minutes. And the nice part of it was that a German captain of engineers showed records designating points on the Rhine where a pontoon bridge could *not* be constructed and the location at Honningen was one of them.

"The Rhine at Honningen is 1450 feet in width. The bridge was built during a high-water stage of the river, which made the job even more difficult. More than two thousand American officers and soldiers, and German civilians lined the bank to watch the work. After the bridge was completed, to prove its worthiness



under load, Battery B, 12th Field Artillery, Second Division, the 73d Machine Gun Company, 6th Marines, and the combat wagons of our own regiment, the 308th Engineers, crossed, followed by five staff motor cars."

NOW for a great surprise and, possibly, a great shock for H. R. Bidlake of Snoqualmie Falls, Washington, who at the time he wrote to the Company Clerk more years ago than should be admitted, was Commander of the First District, Department of Washington, The American Legion. At any rate, the companion picture of a gang of soldiers in fatigue clothes fits right in with Comrade Porter's foregoing contribution, because this is what Commander Bidlake reported:

"The picture I am enclosing should, I think, be of interest to some vets of the First Division at least, if not to others. It shows a balk detail of men of Company E, First Engineers, First Division, at Honningen, Germany.

"Sometime in July, 1919, the regiment was sent down to Honningen, then headquarters of the 5th or 6th Marines. We were supposed to beat the best time of the 6th and 2d Regiments of Engineers, which was considerably over an hour, in throwing a pontoon bridge across the Rhine.

"We drilled and practiced for some days, working at the job from both sides of the river. On a Sunday morning we worked against time and threw the bridge up in some seconds over forty-two minutes.

"Needless to say, there were 'viel marks' that changed hands after the event, as the Marines backed their engineer regiment up in great shape.

"I would be glad indeed to hear from any of the men in this picture because I have lost complete contact since discharged."





Picnics in the A. E. F.? Sure thing! A group of doughboys, above, enjoyed Y. M. C. A. hospitality in 1919 near the Leave Center of Cannes. At left, nurses of General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Georgia, take time out from arduous duties for a tug-of-war, one of the events of an inter-Nurse Corps Field Meet

EVEN when there was still a job of work to do, occasionally there was a chance for a bit of recreation for the men who composed the A. E. F.—sports of various kinds and even, believe it or not, short leaves, while the outfits were back for a rest. But after the Armistice, when the cry of "When do we go home?" echoed throughout the areas in Europe where our troops were stationed, that's when G. H. Q. exerted itself to keep up the morale of the men. Leave Areas were made available in some of the swankiest watering places and seaside resorts and mountain regions of France, and there soldiers led the life of Riley. As an example, take a squint at the photograph of a picnic party—far from the madding throng and far from drills and regulations. Commander Spencer H. Mitchell of Thomas Mann Post, Culbertson, Montana, from whom the picture came, has this to say about the al fresco luncheon:

"Talk about enjoying bunk fatigue in the A. E. F.! How about the enclosed picture which was taken in Southern France in February, 1919, near the Leave Center of Cannes? The party shown was on a tour of the Riviera with the Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross as directors, and nine of the men, including myself, were members of the 24th Company, 20th Engineers, a forestry outfit located near the Swiss border at Maison du Bois, Doubs, France.

"We certainly had an enjoyable seven days and really found good weather. We met a number of American civilians down there and had the experience of making several side trips along the coast. At Monte Carlo, we visited the gambling casinos, although they were not in operation.

"I went overseas with the 20th Engineers and remained with that organization during the entire sixteen months I spent in France. Later the 10th Engineers was combined with our regiment, making ours the largest single regiment in the A. E. F. Our duty was to supply lumber for barracks, piling for docks and ties for railroads.

"Wonder what has become of my fellow tourists and the rest of my old company of engineers?"

Suppose we take a look at similar recreational activities on this side of the water, indulged in by some of the women who helped rehabilitate our sick and wounded soldiers after the war. The snapshot of the nurses engaged in a strenuous tug-of-war was submitted by Legionnaire L. L. Gaudet of 810 Narrow Street, Thibodaux, Louisiana, who obtained the picture while a patient in General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Georgia, where he was located throughout the entire year of 1919 with the exception of the last eleven days. O. K., Comrade Gaudet, tell your story:

"The tug-of-war shown in the enclosed snapshot print was one of many events at a Field Meet in which two groups of Army Nurses of the staff of General Hospital No. 6, Fort McPherson, Georgia, participated in 1919. The O. P. nurses formed one team, while the other was composed of P. T. nurses. Among the scheduled events were a 100-yard dash, relay race, tug-of-war and other competitions of a regular field meet. The nurses had also organized a baseball team and were in training to play against the convalescents, but the game failed to take place because the nurses' only catcher broke her little finger while in practice.

"I enlisted in July, 1917, in the Washington Artillery, Louisiana National Guard, which was later mustered into service as the 141st Field Artillery, 30th Division. After reaching the A. E. F. early in July, 1918, I was sent as a replacement to Battery E, 119th Field Artillery, 32d Division, reached the Château-Thierry sector the latter part of July and on July 20th suffered mustard-gas burns. I refused hospitalization.

"Then on August 22, 1918, near the Vesle River, I was hit by an explosive shell, suffering a fracture of the left forearm, and injuring the nerve and severing an artery in the upper arm. I was lucky to be picked up by a French ambulance at once and taken to an emergency field hospital, where I was operated upon. When I came to that afternoon, I was in Evacuation Hospital No. 4. After a few days there, I was sent to a General Hospital a few miles out of Tours, France, and in December, I was shipped home to the States, landing at Newport News, Virginia. After a short time at a Hampton Roads hospital, I was transferred to General Hospital No. 6 at Fort McPherson, where I was a patient from January 1, 1919, until December 20th of that year.

"Thanks to Lieutenant Colonel Babcock and the wonderful operation he performed on my arm, I have been able to carry on with but a slight disability. I take my hat off to all the medical staff and to all the nurses for the pleasant treatment that was given me in General Hospital No. 6."



WE'RE all agreed that each of the tenets of the Legion as expressed in the Preamble to the Constitution is important—but somehow this department feels that the one that goes "to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War" is the very foundation stone of our organization. Were it not for that one basic thought, there would be no Legion. And that preservation of memories of wartime association takes in every man who served his country—from buck private to General of the Armies, from seaman 2d class to Admiral of the Fleet. Do you want proof of that statement?

Early in this year—in January—the entire sea-power of the United States assembled in the Atlantic Ocean for maneuvers. We all read about the battle fleet steaming through the Panama Canal from its West Coast base to join in the maneuvers at the Canal Zone, based on Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. But one comrade, Cecil M. Hiatt, ex-gob and now with the U. S. Railway Mail Service, of 2120 Pecan Street, Texarkana, Arkansas-Texas, had a particular interest in those news items. The Commander of the United States Battle Force was no one other than Edward G. Kalbfus, Admiral, U. S. N., who had been Hiatt's skipper and personal boss on the old transport *Pocahontas*. So Hiatt wrote a letter to the "old man," and reminded him that he, Hiatt, had served as orderly to the then captain of that ship.

What happened? Well, how would you feel if you got this letter from your former skipper who had risen to great heights in the service?



The First Divison of the crew of the U. S. Transport Pocahontas stands inspection by the skipper, Edward C. Kalbfus—more recently Admiral and Commander of the Battle Force, United States Fleet. The Admiral is now President of the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island

COMMANDER BATTLE FORCE
UNITED STATES FLEET
U. S. CALIFORNIA, FLAGSHIP

Guantanamo Bay, Cuba
22 January, 1939

My dear Hiatt:

I am delighted to have your letter of the 7th which reached me upon my arrival here. It is always refreshing to me to be remembered by my own shipmates and you may be sure that I am very glad to be in touch with them. This is particularly the case with those of you who did so much to help me through during the war.

When I gaze on the picture of the *Pocahontas* which you enclosed, it brings back to me memories of a fine ship and a fine set of officers and men. There were many long and trying days, but, thanks to you all, we got across and back many times and delivered our full share of soldiers on the Western Front . . .

I must say again that if I have been able to attain high rank in the Navy, it is due entirely to the loyal and efficient support which has always been given me by my men. I am proud to have been identified with them and I know definitely that, whether they are still in the Service or have gone into other fields, they form a backbone which will never allow this country to be deprived of the free institutions which we cherish and which our forefathers have handed down to us. It is a most comforting feeling to know that this is the case and that this great republic is safe because these men will see to it that it is.

It is now more than 20 years since we docked the *Pocahontas* at Newport News after the war was over. I hope that these years have been good to you as they have to me and that you will continue to enjoy fine health and the blessings that come from honest endeavor.

With my warmest personal regards and best wishes and the deep appreciation of your thoughtfulness in writing me, I am

Very sincerely,
E. C. KALBFUS

Comrade Hiatt sent with this letter from the Admiral, the snapshot picture taken one morning in 1918 during captain's inspection of the 1st Division crew of the U. S. S. *Pocahontas*, while Captain Kalbfus was in (*Continued on page 59*)



Lighter, Brisk-Bodied, not Logy... for *Keener Refreshment*—

AT THE ROYAL HAWAIIAN IN HONOLULU—palatial hotel fronting world-famous Waikiki Beach... *Pabst* Gets the Call...as it does in thousands of other fine hotels, clubs, restaurants and lounges not only in America but throughout the world!...For Blue Ribbon is the beer that's keyed to keener living. It's lighter, brighter, brisk-bodied and lively. Nothing heavy or logy to slow down its delightfully refreshing tingle!

This master-blended formula is a Pabst secret with a 95-year tradition. So don't expect to find it in *any* other beer. When *you* step out, quench your thirst the *keener* way . . . pass the word *you* want PABST BLUE RIBBON!



America's Homes, too, Give Pabst the Call!



From coast to coast, Pabst is first in America's homes! This overwhelming preference by family and guests is the truest measure of popularity—won by 95 years of Pabst quality. Order Pabst Blue Ribbon today. Your choice of bottles or handy, space-saving cans.

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Perk-up with **Pabst BLUE RIBBON**

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

ACCORDING to Mike Gussie of Fort Knox, Kentucky, a girl had married a worthless sort, who even refused to collect and deliver the washing she did. One day she was talking to a friend about the shiftless man she had.

"Is he older than you?" the friend asked.

"Yes, dat old no-account am fifteen years older'n me."

"Then," consoled the friend, "it must be a case of May having married December."

"No, it ain't dat. It am more like Labor Day done married to April Fool."

REV. Paul W. Johnston, of Graniteville, Vermont, passes along the one about the bride who said:

"To commemorate a nasty quarrel my husband and I had, we planted a tree in the yard."

"Great idea!" said her friend. "If Frank and I had done that, we'd have a great forest by now."

AND there's one about the guy who stuck out his chest and said:

"Yes, I'm a self-made man."

"Well, you are in luck," replied his companion. "I am the revised product of a wife and two daughters."

SERGT. Harry Adams, of the New York State Police and the 71st Infantry Post of New York City, tells about a conversation between his seven-year-old girl and her brother, five.

"You are lying," Virginia accused.

"No, I'm not," said Bobby. "I'm smiling, and when you say something that isn't so and smile that's a joke. But, when you say something that isn't so and look nervous—that's a lie!"

COMRADE T. E. Trefz, of Indianapolis, sends the one about two highwaymen holding up a motorist, who gave them a fierce battle. When they had conquered him they both had sustained severe injuries. And when they emptied his pockets they found only one thin dime.

"Of all the fourflushing so-and-so's!" exclaimed one of the robbers. "There ought to be a law against fellows with an automobile having no more money than that!"

"I'm satisfied," said the other. "If he'd had a dollar, I believe he'd have killed us."

FROM Gordon Gouwens, of Homewood, Illinois, comes the one about a cynic standing in front of a home talent exhibition labeled "Art Objects."

"Well," he said to the attendant, "I should think Art would object to all this, and I can't say that I blame him."



"All I know is, he hands me a nickel and jumps on board"

THE perfect circle, according to Fay Thomas, of Cleveland, Ohio, is illustrated with the yarn about the lady who asked the tramp:

"Why do you go around begging instead of working?"

"To tell you the truth, lady, I beg to get money to buy booze."

"But why on earth do you drink the stuff?"

"To get up me courage to go around and beg, lady."

EDDIE COOPER, of Morgantown, West Virginia, is telling one about the girl who told her sister, "Henry Skids thinks I'm the nicest girl in town. Shall I ask him to call?"

"No, dear," replied the jealous sister, "let him keep on thinking so."

"I WANTS to be procrastinated at de next corner," said the old man to the bus driver.

"You want to be—what?"

"Procrastinated, suh. Look in de dictionary! 'Procrastinate, to put off.' Dat's what I mean."

THE Squiggs were showing some neighbors through their home. When the young son's bed room was reached the visitor asked:

"Why do you have such a high bed for your little boy?"

"So we can hear him if he falls out," replied Mrs. Squiggs. "You have no idea what heavy sleepers my husband and I are."

THE young man was back from Africa, and regaling the girl friend with his exploits.

"There we stood," he said, "the tiger and myself, in the thick of the jungle—face to face."

"Oh, gosh!" exclaimed an unobserved but thrilled little sister. "How perfectly frightful it must have been for both of you!"

A MINISTER was called to conduct a funeral in a small town. When the hour for services to begin had arrived, the quartet could not be found. The minister went ahead, but still the quartet did not appear. The procession moved on to the cemetery. The quartet was there. The sorrowing friends requested the singers to render a suitable hymn. They sang, "Let the Lower Lights Be Burning."

IT WAS at a recent literary tea in New York. One of the good ladies was telling a writer about her trip to South America, and finally said her husband had been sick on the way home.

"From mal de mer?" the writer wanted to know.

"No," replied the woman, "from Rio de Janeiro."

As she turned to greet someone, another of the literati whispered:

"The ignoramus—one's in Brazil and the other's in France."

A Comeback

(Continued from page 5)

skeptical. In fact, he scoffed at the idea and suggested that I forget about it. "It's only a skin mole," he insisted. But I could remember nothing but the very impressive warning of the magazine article, "If you have such a spot be sure of its benignity lest it prove its point more positively." There is nothing more positive, in my estimation, than a six-foot hole in a boot hill so I asked the feasibility of removing the section and having a laboratory culture made. With a gesture of condescension he acquiesced and made arrangements in the operating room. It did not take those efficient gentlemen long to remove a portion of the back of my neck the size of a half dollar and when the incision had been neatly stitched the specimen was sent to the lab and I on my way.

The wound healed, the stitches were removed and I was anxiously awaiting word from the hospital when, about three weeks after the operation, the center of the incision turned blue and a distinct burning sensation set itself up. With more or less complete resignation I drove in to the hospital and reported to the original examining physician. He had not yet received the report from the lab and immediately sent up for it. I was watching from an ante-room when the folder arrived and continued my watch as the M. D. read the report and hurriedly left with it for other parts.

I knew then I'd finally been caught up with, and was gazing abstractedly out the window at the traffic on Monument Street when the doctor quietly put aside the curtains to the room and entered. I don't remember exactly what he was saying but he beat around the bush for perhaps ten minutes before he got himself seated firmly up on an examining table and let me have the news. It wasn't news. It was just as I had thought—the Death Sentence.

Ten thousand thoughts flashed through my mind as the medico mumbled technical terms—the two kiddies, my missus, home sweet home, stories of the agony and misery tormenting victims to termination, insurance, my sins and transgressions, of which I have quite a considerable, ways and means, the hunting trip up into the Bitterroot Range for which I had been planning so ardently—those thoughts and so many others tortured my brain as first one and then another doctor made his examination and prattled his assurance into my deaf ear. Finally, out of the mumble and rumble of voices there penetrated to my ears a description of a machine equipped with an electric lamp which projects rays of light that penetrate and destroy tissue far below the surface.

Hope was born and I began taking a conscious interest (Continued on page 40)

39

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A Comeback

(*Continued from page 39*)

in my surroundings. I was taken to the head of the department, who listened to the history of the case, made an examination of the affected area, and then mildly reprimanded his subordinates. As I recall it he turned to them with this rebuke, "This patient came to you soon enough and you should have treated at once instead of aggravating the spot by an incision." I speak of this reprimand only that it may more effectively emphasize the importance of treating a malignant tumor as soon after its inception as discovery can be made.

I also heard the instructions that sent me in to the X-ray machine within the hour—"Treat locally severely and then generally." But the greatest surprise of all came when the technician turned on the power and I felt no distressing sensation whatever and I must confess that being administered to by a red-headed femme is not punishment, now is it?

After the third treatment all evidence of my intruder vanished. The putrid blue changed to a delicate sunburn-pink and at the touch of my fingers I received no response, neither burning sensation nor twinge. Two weeks later I had developed quite a ruddy complexion on the back of my neck as the rays continued to destroy and just five weeks after the beginning of treatment the tissue broke down and started to slough. It took another ten days for the burn to clear but then there remained a clear skin, a bright smile and a brighter outlook on life than ever before. The children seemed happier, the missus more carefree and I even ate my onion sandwiches with a fervent relish.

My death sentence was commuted to the normal life-expectancy. My hope for a life of usefulness will be fulfilled if this story is read and is remembered by just one comrade who might be shot at and hit by this destructive piece of shrapnel called Cancer. He will not let it upset his plans or balance. He will seek out the nearest X-ray therapy machine as soon as discovery is established and it won't be any harder for him to take than that good sound licking he got when he was a kid. It won't be nearly so painful, especially if he is fortunate enough to draw a good-looking nurse, and the cost will be far less than the price of a casket and lilies.

Safeguard of Our Liberties

(*Continued from page 19*)

happiness." He did not say, we should notice, that every man is entitled to be happy. This is the critical point—no government should take away what man has no right to give up, the right to *strive* for happiness. Our constitutional system is permeated with this respect for human endeavor and respect for personal rights.

Society cannot, of course, survive without obedience to the law; and for the last fifty years we have found state and national governments undertaking tasks which in former decades were left to the individual or were not done at all and perhaps did not need to be done. The developing social and industrial order seemed to make new governmental activity necessary and desirable. And yet the political responsibility of the average citizen has probably been greatly increased. He has the unrelenting duty of trying to put into office persons who have respect for both law and liberty.

The constitutional system provides for more than machinery. It is desirable to look sometimes at the Constitution itself and especially at the first amendments, or to examine once more the Bill of Rights of one's own state constitution. There we find the announcement of those unalienable rights. These provisions serve to bring to our attention the simple fact that personal liberty is the core of democratic government. The first amendment to the federal Constitution, practically part of the original pronouncement of the Fathers, announces freedom of worship and freedom of speech and of the press.

Freedom of speech has, of course, limits; as Justice Holmes once said, no one has a right to go into a crowded theater and cry, "Fire!" There are limits, and we must depend on our officials to protect the privilege and to prevent the wanton and dangerous abuse of the privilege. The fourth amendment provides for what James Otis called a hundred and seventy-eight years ago "the right of house." He used those words in a speech before a Massachusetts court. "Then and there," said John Adams, "the child of independence was born." The right to be safe from unlawful entry was registered in the old saying: A man's house is his castle. No lord or knight within his battlemented walls was to be more secure from unlawful entry than was the humblest man in his hut, which, as one orator declared, might be so frail that it could be shaken by the wind, but the king could not enter.

ONE reason for the Constitution's continuous life is to be found in the apparent determination of the framers to be guided by experience. You will not find in the debates of the Constitutional Convention much vague and disembodied theorizing. The framers of the Constitution did not invent much; if they had freely exercised the power of invention, they almost surely would have failed. They gathered into the Constitution the teachings not only of their own immediate past but the plain mandates of history.

That right of house, which Otis defended, came from the depths of history and from the long struggle or yearning for individual security. There have been in recent years some differences of opinion concerning the alleged intention of the framers of the Constitution to protect property; but the reader of the debates in the Constitutional Convention cannot fail to see the unrelenting fear lest liberty be overwhelmed by government. The separation of the powers of government—the establishment of three coördinate branches—was provided for to guard against hasty and unjust action. But the framers did not invent even this device in a moment of sudden inspiration.

We need to remember that, when the Constitution was made, the state constitutions, framed during the Revolution, commonly contained restrictions on the right to vote and to hold certain offices. The federal Constitution provided only simple and practical qualifications for office holding—age, citizenship and in some cases residence—and wisely left to the States full right in each to determine the right to vote. The ink was scarcely dry when the States began to widen the suffrage. The federal Constitution did not block the progress of political democracy.

Once more we may notice Jefferson's belief that all men will fly to the standard of the law. The Constitution declares itself to be law. It is enforced like other law in courts. The courts, we are often told, are made up of men, and at times there appears to be a supposition that, being men, they apply not the constitution and the law, but their own will. I am not venturing upon a discussion of that subject; it is sufficient to say that of course the justices are men; we have none but human beings to perform the judicial tasks. And to this may be added the undeniable fact that the judicial system has protected human liberty and that we cannot as yet imagine any better way than the main processes whereby Jeffer-

son's "unalienable rights" may be made secure.

Law and lawyers have been the butt of caustic wit and clever pessimism since about the beginning of recorded time. Even old Solon, the "lawgiver," contributed his jibe 2500 years ago. And yet law is a significant, probably the most significant, product of the long struggle upward from savagery. In the world to-day, there are two great systems of private law as distinguished from public law. One of these began to be worked out in Rome nearly two thousand years ago and was codified about fourteen hundred years ago. It stands to-day. The Colosseum is in ruins; but the Roman law is the main private law of a large portion of Europe, wherever law, not merely might, prevails, and of many outlying nations.

The other system—the common law—took its rise in England in mediaeval times; it appeared in legal treatises some seven hundred years ago; it is the private law commonly recognized in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, and other dominions. The Constitution recognizes the existence of the common law; it also provides for habeas corpus, trial by jury, and that due process of law which is said to be as old as Magna Carta. In these days we speak a great deal about security; but security can be obtained only with and under law. We may need better laws or fewer laws, but security without law is a wanton dream.

At times we have heard some people lament or seriously question the propriety of our being bound by an eighteenth century Constitution. But, in fact, it might in important particulars be called a seventeenth century Constitution; it represented those elementary notions of free government which were prominent in the reforming and revolutionary movements of England in the seventeenth century, the century in which America was settled; and there is some truth in the saying that America separated from Britain not in the eighteenth century but in the century before. All this is important only if it tends to remind us that a lasting constitution cannot be hurriedly and thoughtlessly assembled and that it may last if it embodies the plain teachings of history. The mere fact that it is old is not a sign of feebleness, if it recognizes the long efforts of past generations and seeks to single out principles which appear to have the quality of permanence.

We can and ought to take our responsibilities with high courage and light hearts. The responsibilities are now heavy and not easily borne. But we can bear in mind that this task of maintaining and managing a great and populous nation of free-thinking people is a difficult task, perhaps the most difficult ever undertaken by man. Managing a dictatorial empire is a comparatively easy job; orders can be issued by a central all-powerful authority, which can relieve its subjects of the trouble of thinking. It would be folly to assert that America has reached the ultimate, has not made mistakes, and may not make others; but as long as there is sincere effort there is basis for an expanding national and individual life. At the opening of the nineteenth century, Jefferson, looking out upon a troubled world, called America "the world's best hope;" a few decades later, Lincoln called it "the last best hope of earth." Both of these leaders based their own hope on faith.

We have had peculiarly favorable opportunities—a wide country with rich natural resources; a heritage of liberal principles from colonial times; and, just as our constitution went into effect, the French Revolution dramatically ushered in a movement toward freer government than the European continent had hitherto known. From that time to the World War, the main movement of the nations, despite sundry reactions, was on the whole a movement toward popular government; especially during the latter half of that period our system was in accord with almost world-wide tendencies.

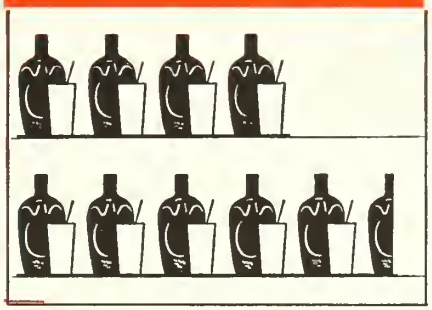
The question now is: Has the tide turned? Are we faced with the necessity of maintaining popular government in a world which, outside our limits, is turning its back upon it? Only the future can answer these questions.

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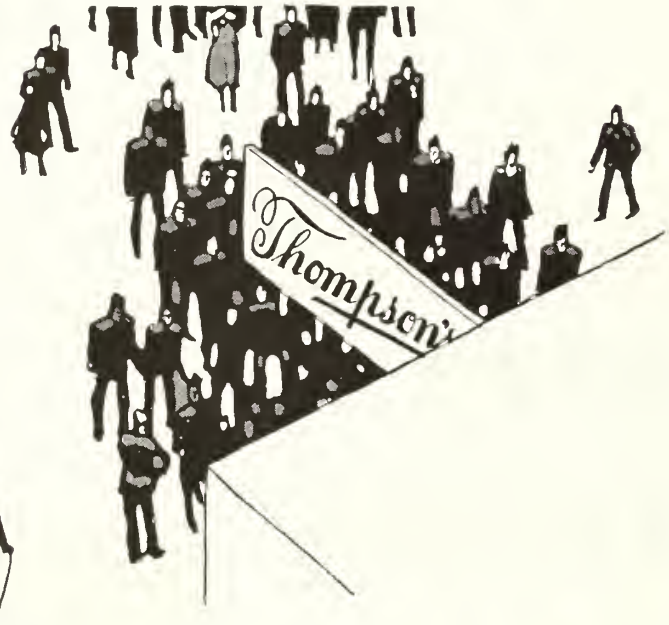
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MUST BE A GOOD PLACE TO EAT

A Tie That Binds

(*Continued from page 21*)

such big national reunions as the G. A. R. and The American Legion. Communications did not permit it. The G. A. R. did not spring into big membership immediately in the early years after the war, as the Legion did. It was of slow growth and just taking its final upward stride in my boyhood.

I remember one of the holdouts. He had been four years in the Army of the Potomac and in all its big battles. Very set in his ideas, he met all appeals to join the G. A. R. with his stubborn:

"Why a society to help us remember the war? I had enough of that war. I came home to find my farm in weeds and the old skinflint that owned the mortgage going to foreclose on me. He hadn't dared do that, when I was in uniform fighting for him."

This veteran made a good front, as a rule, of trying to forget the war, but one evening he appeared at a meeting of the local G. A. R. post and said, "I'm with you."

There is always a community of spirit between young boys and old boys. As a youngster I used to slip in at G. A. R. meetings. Most of the men in the settled eastern States having gone into the same regiment, they had known each other, as they used to say, since they were knee high to a grasshopper.

The persiflage that was later called kidding and razzing and the old oil was then called joshing or leg-pulling. "Fud," short for Alfred, was the smallest member of the post. His comrades said the only way he ever got into the Army was by knocking the top of his head to raise a swelling, and then standing tiptoe.

History will never accurately record the amount of osculation he received on an occasion notable in the annals of the post. Fud was in the front rank of his company which was at the head of a division on a forced march to get in line at Gettysburg. A huge Pennsylvania Dutch woman ran out of her house at the sight of the approaching column and spread out her arms in a capacious, impulsive and motherly embrace of the diminutive defender of her hearth and home.

This was one subject on which his comrades could almost invariably get Fud's goat, all joining in:

"She must have weighed two hundred and fifty pounds—'brave baby boy,' she says, 'fighting against the heathen marauders'—nestling Fud in her bosom—slobbering all over him!"

" 'It's a damn lie,' Fud would say. 'I dodged. She never hit me.' I says, 'Lady, I got a hurry call to the front and no time for frolickin',' and she just patted me on the back."

This only stirred up more eloquence.

Members of the post might josh Fud, but they would hear no joshing of him

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by outsiders; for no man in the post was better loved.

The Federal veterans always spoke of the Confederates as Johnnies or Rebs, or Johnny Rebs, and I found when I came to know some Confederates that they spoke of the Federals as Yanks. To both the proof of their valor was that they had been fighting Americans. Having tested out each other's prowess in battle they were not as bitter against their former enemies as the people at home, which has been true in other wars. If the veterans themselves had made the peace the South would have got better treatment.

Today many people seem to have the idea that the G. A. R. was exclusively a social organization, and that post meetings were only forums of reminiscence in veteran fellowship. The G. A. R. by no means took such a prominent part in general welfare work and civic improvement and betterment as the Legion, but it did look after its own with that personal attention for which there is no governmental substitute. It had its Woman's Relief Corps that was the Legion Auxiliary of its day.

Individually and in groups post members called on sick veterans, to give them the understanding cheer which only one old warrior knows how to impart to another. They gave material as well as spiritual aid to the distressed. They made sure that all veterans had honorable burial. In my youth I saw the ranks rapidly thinning, heads growing grayer, steps less steady in a period which Legion members have not come to yet, but to which they must in time. And it was the G. A. R. which fathered setting apart a day when the graves of the soldiers of all our wars should be decorated.

Youth was renewed in lively curiosity when some veteran whom all the members knew returned to his home community after having lived in a distant part of the country. Between snatches of war memories they learned what he had been doing and he learned what they had been doing and for whom taps had been sounded.

As national convention time approached the talk ran on who was going and who hoped to go if crops were good and business good. But the approach of no national convention ever held the interest of that national reunion on the fiftieth anniversary of Gettysburg when a line of surviving Yanks and a line of surviving Johnnies who were in that great battle marched from their old positions. The Johnnies gave their "rebel yell," which they always said had it all over the Yankee cheer they were hearing again. The lines met. Hands were clasped on the field where they had fought. It was the knightliest meeting in all history.

I shall not repeat what the two veterans in the front seat on the train were saying. We can all guess. We have all had the same kind of personal reunions.

Only the other day I had a hail in a crowded railroad (*Continued on page 44*)



"Oh, if Frank Ever Sees These . . ."

". . . he'll cut my allowance! Why, today I wouldn't *dream* of paying prices like the ones on these old bills!"

DO *you* remember the things you bought, say, ten years ago—how inferior they were to today's goods in looks, in wearing quality, in the service they gave? But do you remember, too, how much more those manufactured articles cost then?

Since 1929, the average price of an electric refrigerator has come down from $310 to $175, that of an electric washer from $112 to $72; a 100-watt lamp from 35 to 15 cents. And like hundreds of other manufactured articles today, they perform better and cost less to operate than the older, higher-priced models.

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A Tie That Binds

(*Continued from page 43*)

station from a man whom I had not met since the Meuse-Argonne . . . But I'll drop back to the man in the seat beside me who asked how veterans get that way. I might say that it is in drilling and marching together, share and share alike, ever in suspense as they approach the goal where they risk death.

"It is hard to understand," as old Ned Rudge said, unless you have had that experience. Of this I am sure, veterans have always been that way, and those of any future war will be.

"These two act as if they had a good time in the war," said the man in the seat with me. "So do the Legionnaires at their conventions and post meetings."

"That was how they kept their spirits up, how they got through it, smiling and jesting in the face of hell," I replied. "But ask them if they would like to go through it again. They rejoice to think they survived to tell the tale, just as man dwells on the details of a surgical operation that was a narrow shave."

I can imagine the veterans of each of our wars having a cloud of their own for their reunions in the great beyond. Then Ned and Gene will surely yarn to their hearts' content. The veteran who has lived to ripe old age will look up the pal, the comrade, the bunkie, the buddy, the side-kick who was killed in action and tell him what went on on earth in after years. But the killed-in-action fellow may say:

"Oh, I've looked down on all you've been doing, and how you cared for those I left behind me. I know how you did not forget me, how you remembered that I was cut off as I dreamed of having the war over soon and of returning to the home I never was to see. I heard all the good things you said about me."

From one cloud will come the fifing of *Yankee Doodle;* from another the singing of *Dixie;* another, *Marching Through Georgia* and *Tenting on the Old Campground;* another, *A Hot Time in the Old Town To Night;* and from another we shall learn that the gang's all here, and about *Hinky-Dinky Parley Voo* and *The Mademoiselle from Armentières.* From yet another a muttered "I got him!" will cut short an Indian war whoop. For there will be a cloud for the men who fought the redskin from colonial days to Little Big Horn and Wounded Knee.

Causeways between the clouds will favor visiting between different groups to get better acquainted. They will find that all who fought by sea or land, from Paul Jones's day to that of the subchasers and big battle wagons, from squirrel rifles to gas and machine guns, were the same kind of men.

Notes may be compared about the snows of Valley Forge and the mud in France, the ravages of small pox in the Revolution, typhoid and dysentery in the Civil War and influenza in the World War; about rancid sowbelly, parched corn, jerked venison and bear meat, wormy hard tack, tough beef too fresh from the hoof when herds of cattle were driven behind armies before the days of refrigeration, and goldfish and canned willy; and about graybacks and cooties, which are sometimes called plain lice.

But this is not all. Notes will be compared about the struggle after demobilization to get jobs and get settled back in civil life after service and the public fever were over. In peace we shall hear about the veterans making new clearings in the wilderness, how they led in the westward march over the Alleghanies, across the Mississippi and the plains and over the Rockies, and built railroads and cities and kept national watchfires burning. How those reunions in the after world must sound! For they are history from the lips of the men who made it.

Ready To Go, Chicago

(*Continued from page 23*)

The badge deserves a note of special mention and will be a piece highly prized in future years, because it will bear on the face of the medallion the sculptured features of General John J. Pershing, our war-time leader of more than twenty years ago, to whom the Twenty-First National Convention will pay special honor. A special eighteen-carat gold badge, studded with four diamonds—emblematic of the rank of General—will be presented to General Pershing, who has signified his intention of attending the Convention if his duties permit.

At least a week before the date set for the official opening, temporary offices of the National Headquarters will be opened at the Palmer House; the Auxiliary at the Stevens Hotel, and the Forty and Eight at the Medinah Club, and these headquarters will be maintained until after the final adjournment.

Though it is expected that conventionnaires will arrive in great numbers in the Chicago area some days in advance, the first official public meeting is that scheduled for Sunday night, September 24th, when a great interdenominational memorial service will be held in Grant Park. A service is planned that will linger long in the memory of those who attend. Grant Park, with its splendid lake front setting, offers just the stage for such a service and on a scale never before attempted. The memorial service will be followed by a great fireworks display, the pieces set off from barges on the Lake.

Monday will see the official opening of the Twenty-First National Convention of The American Legion in the historic old Coliseum. The Auxiliary will hold all of its official and social functions at the Stevens Hotel, and the Forty and Eight will convene in its Promenade Nationale at the Medinah Club. All the meeting places are conveniently located within the official convention city area, and are easily reached. The exact hours of opening will be announced in the official program, which will also give every detail of the program of the week. The official sessions of the Legion to be held on Wednesday and Thursday will be held at the Auditorium Theater, in the 400 block on South Michigan Avenue. There the new National Commander will be elected.

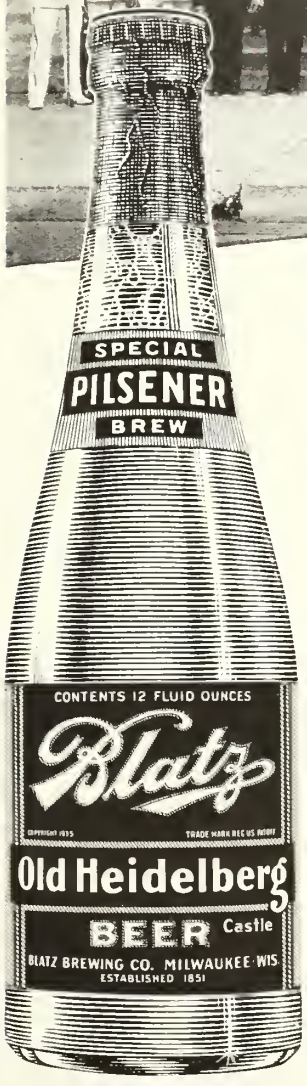
When the delegates to the Convention, Legionnaire visitors and other guests assemble in the Coliseum for the official opening they will indeed be in a historic spot. Around it hovers memories and associations with the famous Libby Prison in Richmond, Virginia, of Civil War days, which was removed to Chicago in 1888 and rebuilt as a museum to house relics of the Civil War. Appropriately enough the first meeting held in the reconstructed Libby Prison in Chicago was a reunion of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, and many of those present at that meeting had vivid memories of a period of enforced residence in the old building when it occupied its original site at Richmond and was used by the Confederate States Government as a military prison.

The old structure was torn down in 1900 to make way for the new Coliseum, but part of the old Libby still remains. It has seen many dramatic and moving spectacles. Three Presidents of the United States have been nominated within its walls, Theodore Roosevelt in 1904; William Howard Taft in 1908, and Warren G. Harding in 1920, and in addition three (*Continued on page 46*)

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BLATZ POST NO. 373 American Legion Band is called the "Pride of Wisconsin." And rightfully. For it has never been "topped" in any band contest.

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Ready To Go, Chicago

(*Continued from page 44*)

other national political conventions have been held there—two in 1912 when it saw the nominations of Taft and Roosevelt again, and in 1916, when Charles Evans Hughes was nominated.

So much for the place of the meeting of the first day.

Tuesday, of course, is parade day when the greatest show in America unfolds. Units of the parade will assemble on side streets as far north as Chicago Avenue, with the actual parade starting at about the Chicago River bridge, and for a number of hours (the exact number is at this time unpredictable, of course) will move south over Michigan Avenue to its climax in Soldier Field.

Soldier Field will have an important place in the convention scheme. There all day on Monday, beginning at seven o'clock in the morning, the preliminary contests between the Legion drum and bugle corps will be held, with approximately seventy corps in competition for top honors. The finals will be held in the same place on Monday night. At the same time during the day the Sons of the Legion will put their corps through all the paces in Grant Park, and at the band shell in the same park the Legion bands will try out for their best. All of these are worth seeing and hearing.

Soldier Field will also be the scene of the gorgeous Legion show on Wednesday night, featuring stars of the first magnitude—in fact a veritable parade of stars of the screen, radio, and amusement world. That show will be one of the highlights of the entire meeting and it is one of the many affairs to which a ticket is given each visitor with the registration book of tickets.

In writing about a former National Convention, the late Phil Von Blon once said: "A national convention is like a magnificent sunset. It can only be enjoyed while it lasts. You see it in the beginning—bright, bold-colored, far-flung. You watch it changing in tempo and color and mood with every second. It is at its height when the hosts of tens of thousands from every State march for hours in the convention parade. Its final glow is in the last minutes when the new national officers have been elected for the year ahead and the crowd, soon to be homeward bound, empties itself from the convention auditorium like sands from an hour-glass."

Chicago offers all this and more.

A Job for Your Post

(*Continued from page 29*)

nations have been grappling for many years. It is an economic problem which gravely affects the production of goods and services. It is a psychological problem which is sometimes difficult for the economically secure person to grasp—the weary round of looking for work, hope gradually sinking into despair, affecting, as it is bound to do, the members of the younger generation. Americanism? Yes, the unemployment program is, aside from all other considerations, a pure Americanism activity.

In a recent statement Albert Einstein said: "I am convinced that the dangers of Fascism in America can be eliminated only by effective measures against unemployment and economic insecurity. Anyone interested in safeguarding civil liberty in this country must be prepared to tackle the problem of unemployment and to make the necessary sacrifices for its solution."

So far, all who have ventured to predict the end of the depression or recession have been one hundred percent wrong, and this group includes some of the most famous economists and leaders in industry in America. What an inconsistency, that our nation with half the gold reserve of the world, also has something more than ten millions of its people looking for work. Keeping this in mind, we can agree that our program must be a long-range one extending over a number of years. "We are more interested today," says National Commander Stephen F. Chadwick, "in securing employment for our unemployed comrades than in any legislative consideration for those of us who enjoy the blessings of health." Those unemployed men, numbering over 300,000, all of them past the age of forty, are still looking to us and relying on us for help. We cannot let them down.

The plight of the man past forty is the peculiar problem that is our first concern. It is this man who, through no fault of his own and solely because of the passing years—which cannot be talked away—finds himself at the period of his greatest usefulness compelled to defend himself against being relegated to the discard. As another of the Legion's definite contributions toward finding a way out, National Employment Week was observed for the first time this year, which greatly stimulated interest in the welfare of older workers and promoted increased opportunities for employment for them.

In his proclamation setting aside the week for the purpose of awakening America to a sense of the danger of continued unemployment, President Roosevelt said: "I am mindful of the fact that among those over forty years of age are a great body of our most experienced, able, and competent workers; that this group as a whole is not sharing as fully as other age groups in the employment revival; that many of those over forty have lost their jobs through no personal failing but because of circumstances over which they, and their employers, had no direct control; that among those over forty and still actively in the labor market are practically the entire group of World War veterans (whose average age is 46), a group that is surely entitled to look to our society for security and economic independence."

In that same proclamation the President called upon employers throughout the country to give special consideration to the prob-



"Yeah? You try it!"

lem of the middle-aged workers, and to permit them to compete for their fair share of the new jobs on the basis of their actual qualifications, freed from the handicap of an unfounded prejudice against age alone.

Proclamations were also issued by the various Governors, the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, and a large number of Mayors throughout the nation. Clergymen of practically every denomination stressed the subject of unemployment from their pulpits on Employment Sunday.

Chambers of Commerce and like organizations, together with the various service clubs, joined whole-heartedly in our effort to call attention to the plight of our economically disabled comrades. And to all who in any way have assisted our employment program we are truly grateful.

The appeal of the President, who, for the first time during his incumbency issued such a proclamation at the request of a voluntary organization, leads right into another vital accomplishment of the year—the most important, in fact, in its tendency to break down the age bar and to demonstrate the effectiveness of middle-aged men in industry. That was the most complete survey made by the National Association of Manufacturers in coöperation with The American Legion and other societies of organized veterans. I think even the industrial leaders were surprised by the cold facts disclosed by the survey.

To go back a little and carry the story in logical sequence: Shortly after my appointment as Chairman of the National Employment Committee of The American Legion, I was invited to appear before the Resolutions Committee of the National Association of Manufacturers to argue the case of the Man Past Forty. The representatives of two other national veterans' organizations appeared with me. This committee was composed of men whose names make up a veritable Who's Who in American Industry. However well or poorly we pleaded the case of the Man Past Forty, the net result was a resolution placing the National Association of Manufacturers squarely on record as "opposed to the employment in industry of children under sixteen years of age, and to the establishment of arbitrary upper age limits in the hiring or employment of workers below any which might be fixed for permanent retirement." Further, the resolution urged its member industries to fix a definite policy of employment for persons qualified to do the work required without regard to any maximum age.

Last year this Association conducted a very thorough survey among its members for the purpose of determining the status of the older workers in industry, and the result of that survey was published last January in a little volume entitled *Workers* (*Continued on page 48*)

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Remington

DU PONT

A Job for Your Post

(*Continued from page 47*)

Over Forty. This, because of its startling revelations, has become a handbook for all those who are more than mildly interested in the problem, particularly as the Man Past Forty is affected.

This survey was made among 2,485 employers having 2,334,538 employes in forty-three States, and disclosed that the middle-aged man compared most favorably with men in younger groups, because in 82.3 percent of the cases these older men were equal or better as regards health; 84.6, efficiency; 94.8, coöperation; 86.2, accident risk, and 66.2, psychological adjustment. Now, I think in that summation industry itself made a clear case for the middle-lifer. But it continued by stating "industry evaluates its older workers very highly. They constitute a vital and dynamic part of industry, their skill and strong loyalties being of inestimable importance in the industrial unit."

Our Committee is making a special study of stabilization of employment in industry and here the claim of the middle-aged man can not be waved aside. These men can not be shunted away and sidetracked into the economic junk yard, because they are yet well within the most productive period of life. The report referred to above concludes, without saying so in so many words, that these in this age group are men with a keen sense of responsibility; are rich in experience; appreciative of employment; of seasoned judgment; are careful, resourceful, coöperative, dependable and loyal; have dependents who are a steadying influence; represent 50 percent of the buying power of America; are responsible for feeding, housing, clothing and educating a large section of the youth who will be the workers of tomorrow; and that they are less likely to be swayed by the agitator who has an "ism" as a panacea for every economic and industrial ill.

Now that is a strong case for the Man Past Forty. But when we reflect with some complacency that we are at last getting somewhere with this problem we must keep in mind that World War veterans are members of this group and that more than 300,000 of them are without employment and without security, and that nothing can be done to halt the march of time which will in a few years render them permanently unemployable.

Yes, we have made progress. Within a little more than a year the number of veterans of the World War registered with the United States Employment Service as seeking employment has dropped from a peak of 451,000 to a level of slightly in excess of 300,000. In addition to this evidence of our progress in winning the fight against unemployment, the latest figures available indicated that the proportion of older workers in industry was 19.9 percent higher in 1938 than it was in 1937. We have won ground. Now it is our job to consolidate and hold our gains, fighting doggedly to keep our middle-lifers in the industrial scheme of America. And that, to go back to the first argument, is the job that can be handled only by live, energetic employment committees representing Posts, Counties, Districts and Departments.

We want those economically-disabled comrades of ours to be put in a position where they can believe that there is truth in those words of Robert Browning, in his "Rabbi Ben Ezra":

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which the first was made . . . .

A Fool for Luck

(*Continued from page 9*)

On the lieutenant's left sat a dark, handsome stranger wearing civilian clothes.

"They shoot 'em for that. Poor old Loot!" Elmer took another swig at his glass. "By gum, I'll save him or die!"

First, like a good strategist, General Goslin made a survey of the situation. Second, a pla of action; and then the hazard of his heart's blood on the execution of that plan. By bulging his eardrums out something less than a foot, Elmer managed to accumulate a dash of the conversation at the mystery woman's table.

The stranger's name was Pilar. Elmer heard the Loot deal out some more names, introducing the man to another officer of the Rabble Shoveliers. "Senator Altinho Pilar de Monte Claro." The senator was talking about coffee and diamonds —his coffee plantations in Brazil, his diamond fields. The senator was drinking champagne. Champagne and lots of it. Five or six diamonds from his personal diamond bushes glittered ornately on his fingers. As spies went, this baby would be a big fish! The mystery woman was also wearing diamonds, three or four rings and a necklace of diamonds and emeralds.

The senator lifted his glass to the mystery woman and to the lieutenant. "Let us drink, then, to the success of our enterprise! It is all clear? I will participate to the extent of twenty thousand dollars gold per month for one year. Two hundred and forty thousand dollars. You, my dear lady, are very generous. An equal amount. The brave soldiers of America, when they arrive, will have reason to bless you for your generosity!"

The dark stranger hauled a document out of his pocket. "I have had my attorneys draw up a formal agreement wherein we of the syndicate will provide the money to construct fifty coffee bars, free to every soldier in France, wherein they may be refreshed without expense. You see, I donate the coffee and twenty thousand dollars per month, payable at Lloyds' Bank. You subscribe the same amount . . . I have signed it. If you will please to sign your name on this line?"

The mystery woman signed her name. The Loot lifted his glass. "Swell work, Florry!" he said, addressing her. "You're getting a lot more for your money than you would shooting it on a new flock of Liberty Bonds. Senator, your health!"

A lot of this was goulash to General Goslin, but the moment for action had come. He missed his nickel-plated badge and his handcuffs. Lacking them, he fell back on the first slug of common sense that had entered the night's activities. He paid his bill and slunk out of the restaurant. To the first M. P., "How do you git hold of an officer of the D. C. I.?"

"Hold the deal, buddy! Where does it itch you the most?"

Elmer held the deal patiently while he explained in simple language the dimensions of his prize. The marine had been around a lot. Stranger things had happened. Twelve minutes later, two pleasant, middle-aged officers of an under-cover arm of the service moved in on the trio at the Chapeau Rouge. One of these gentlemen, Captain Frank Flint, veteran of the detective bureau of the New York Police Department, introduced himself to the Loot.

Corporal Goslin, peeking through the door of the Chapeau Rouge, heaved a sigh of relief and resigned command. There was a sudden yearning in his heart to git the hell away from the scene before the shooting began. "The Loot has always been a square-shooter with me, and I'm durned if I want to help send him up in front of a firin' squad with any eye-witness testimony at a court martial!"

East, west, home was best. His overnight pass had suddenly lost its value. Corporal Goslin headed for camp, jolting over the cobblestones in a musty, one-horse hack. At four o'clock in the morn-

ing, he hit the hay with his shoulders bowed under the battering impact of a hammering headache three sizes too big for an elephant.

"THE Loot says, tell you he wants to see you."

Elmer shuddered. Cripes! Here it came!

In the Loot's office, standing at attention, still a bit unsteady, Elmer saluted two or three times with his right arm, ready to guard with his left. "Yes, sir. Tex said you wanted to see me."

The Loot looked up at Corporal Goslin for thirty seconds without replying, and then, "How come you break out the bloodhounds last night?"

Elmer gulped.

"Never mind. Don't answer me back! How come you turned those two D. C. I. men loose on my dinner party? Don't answer me! You did it, didn't you?"

Corporal Goslin gulped again, and then, "Yes, sir," he confessed. "I thought I'd git you out of the clutches of that female spy before it was too late!"

The Loot took time out to laugh aloud for a moment. "The female spy," he explained, "is my sister, Mrs. John Grenard Farrington."

Corporal Goslin closed his eyes for an instant, wondering what it felt like to be flayed alive. He braced himself for the next shot from the lieutenant's locker.

"I want you to get down to the prison in Bordeaux as quick as you can. Chuck will drive you down in my car," the lieutenant said. "When you get there, you report to Captain Frank Flint of the D. C. I."

Corporal Goslin sagged visibly. "Good lord, Loot! What are they gonna do to me?"

The Loot was cruel enough to enjoy the next ten seconds of his big moment. Then, "There was another man at the table with my sister and me. Did you know him?"

"No, sir. I don't know nothin' about him, only he looked like a spy, and he had a long name and some diamond mines and coffee plantations."

The Loot nodded. "Your eardrums seem to have been in working order. It happens that Senator Altinho Pilar"—the Loot consulted a memorandum on the desk in front of him—"Altinho Pilar de Monte Claro, who got my sister all signed up with a promissory note for twenty thousand bucks a month multiplied by twelve months, has some other names." The Loot read from his memorandum sheet: "Sir Laurence Cronyn, John F. Holley of Kansas City, James Halwell of San Francisco and Denver, Joseph Holman of Chicago—better known to the underworld, and particularly to Captain Frank Flint, lately of the New York Police Department, as Hot Springs Harry. A paperhanger, a pennyweighter, a con man, and a first-class jasper louse forty ways from the jack!"

Corporal Goslin's eyes bulged out. His jaw dropped. Presently he organized his vocal organs. "Loot, I never knew him before! I ain't mixed up with his gang. I never done nothin', except git word to them D. C. I. men about him when I saw him and that female spy—excuse me, your sister—ropin' you into sellin' your country's—"

"Shut up! Get this through your dumb skull. Get down to Bordeaux and report to Captain Flint. There are some rewards out for Hot Springs Harry, Senator Altinho Pilar de Monte Claro, Coffee and Diamonds—something over twelve thousand dollars. Captain Flint will get the money for you, if you live long enough to get to his headquarters. On your way! Get out of here before I make a hospital case out of you!"

The gyrations of Corporal Goslin's private universe steadied after a while. He dished out another trembling, uncertain salute.

"Yes, sir!" He closed his eyes for another three seconds. "Yes, sir, Loot—and when I see Captain Flint, could I wear my detective badge?"



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In Service for America

(*Continued from page 13*)

fused in the march of world events that began twenty-five years ago in Sarajevo. The flood of war that was then released cost the lives of 10 millions of the world's finest young men and our people have not been excluded from the dreary effects that came in the quarter of a century that is just ending.

Yet with the discord and the discouragement that we have faced there came a great expansion of our destiny as a nation. When the war ended and our soldiers came home they brought with them all the hope there is for the survival of western civilization. They had exact knowledge that we are now at the stage of our history as a nation when we must so order our affairs that it can be shown that democracy is workable.

Though it has been said that the "prospects for the survival of democracy have never been blacker than they are at the present time" there can be no compromise with the belief that we shall find the ability to retrieve security—to turn once again into the lane that leads to the placid days that we who went to war enjoyed before 1917.

To us as a group of Americans one million strong, whose citizenship was tested in the crucibles of war, it is encouraging to record the manner in which our efforts have been accepted by the nation. The year that has seen the observance of the twentieth birthday of The American Legion has been notable for its recognition of the principles we have advocated in the post-war decades. We have thankfulness for the long years of effort that have resulted in a more complete national acceptance of the duties of citizenship.

No day has gone by in this Legion year when some individual or some group has not risen to voice his love of America, his recognition of the right of those things for which The American Legion was founded. There is a new-found determination to mark the acceptance of citizenship that finds young Americans, newly arrived at the age of citizenship, eager to express their determination to support American ideals. In one State at least there has been a legal movement to set aside new citizens' day as a holiday.

In all this there is a remarkable tribute to the part The American Legion has played since the Paris Caucus of March 1919 and the St. Louis Caucus of May in that same year. Day in and day out our members have worked unceasingly to support our programs devoted to service to God and Country. Their loyalty to the principles they adopted in 1919 has paid rich dividends that now are being distributed to a nation that has need for all its available strength.

We shall meet soon in our twenty-first national convention in Chicago and my year as your National Commander will then end. But I shall ever cherish the privilege that has been mine in the leadership of a million Americans, who have been recognized this year as a significant force in the labor of beating back to the center of the national stage a true concept of the force that made the United States great.

While meeting in Chicago we shall keep in mind the thought of the embattled Ma Joad when she discoursed on conditions that faced those about her and said "People is goin' on—changin' a little, maybe, but goin' right on." And that is the way of The American Legion as it works for God and Country. The way may be difficult but we shall be "goin' right on" working to insure that America shall realize on the value of her inheritance.

The Swing's the Thing

(*Continued from page 25*)

lotines, reached the crest of public adulation and ever remained Bobby Jones. His modesty was born of culture. One day a group of newspapermen were sitting in a hotel room the day before an open championship began. Innis Brown and Bobby were discussing what effect Bobby's golf writing had had on his playing. Bob said that he had received many letters from golfers telling him their troubles and asking him how they might escape. "If I come up to my ball nowadays and it happens to be on a downhill lie it is very difficult for me to refrain from thinking about the man who wrote a letter saying that he invariably topped a downhill lie. If I cannot get that thought out of my mind, I'm very apt to top it just as he did," said Bob.

"Yes, I suppose that's true," said Innis, "but if we could inject into your mental processes some serum that would enable you to forget all those things for the next three days, you'd win this tournament hands down."

"Providing you didn't inject the same serum into 150 others," answered Bobby.

Back in the year 1926 this same Bobby Jones practically revolutionized the attitude of British amateur golfers toward British professionals. It happened at Lytham and St. Anne's during the British Open. The clubhouse there was divided into two definite sections, one for the amateurs, or gentlemen competitors and club members, the other for the pros, who greatly outnumbered the others.

A vast chasm yawned between these two almost mutually-exclusive worlds. A pro, were he ever so literate and charming, simply didn't belong, wouldn't be entertained in one's home. If you addressed the greatest pro of the day you merely called him Hagen without more ado. But an amateur was a gentleman unless he had perchance been caught cheating at cards, and one saluted him as *Mister* Whoozis.

The pro section included a very livable lounge-room with a huge round table where the pros could eat, drink and be merry. From the very first Jones preferred to do his lounging in this room and inasmuch as Bobby was the center of attraction you can imagine what this meant to the gentleman players and club members who were obviously eager to be near him. Before the tournament was over the pro room was the life of the clubhouse, a matter that had never happened before. A short time after all this took place, a dozen British professionals were invited to play a two-round match at Oxford with, mind you, a dozen of Oxford's best golfers—and they all sat down to luncheon together between rounds.

Bobby's fine judgment in golf did not end on the courses he played. When the Americans, led by Jones, had walked away with the first seven or eight positions in the British Open, the reporters over there forced Bobby into a huddle as he was taking the boat-train at London. They asked him what his idea was of improving British golf. With rare taste Bobby confined his answer to the amateur side of the question. "I think the best thing that could happen in British amateur golf," he said, "would be for the amateurs to play more golf with the professionals, as they do in America." Little wonder then that the professional golfers, beaten to a frazzle by this southern gentleman, have always held him high in their affection and esteem.

There was a time when golf, in the United States at least, was the property of the Cabots, Lowells and Lodges. But years ago Kenesaw Mountain Landis, encountered on the golf course one day, told me that golf was the coming game

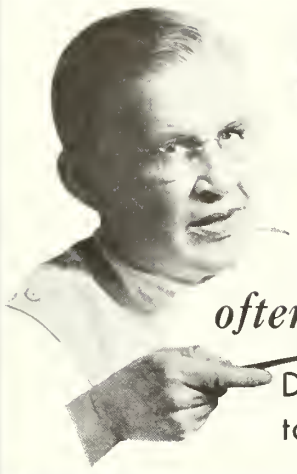
in America for the very good reason that it exacted the individual shouldering of responsibility, an item, or asset, that cannot be applied to various games that involve team play. The baseball commissioner's theory was that Americans liked to be on their own. Apparently the judge wasn't far off the track, for today golf doesn't belong to the rich man. Half the golf courses in this country do not require club membership. Thousands of them are owned by municipalities. One city that has seven private courses and five public courses earned $14,000 net on its links in 1938. Golf is balancing the recreational budgets in some towns just as football takes care of the overhead for track, tennis, baseball and other sports in our colleges.

All the teaching professionals will testify that the ultimate in this game is the proper swing and that it is best obtained by hitting from the inside out. This is a purely technical observation which, stripped of its technicality, may explain the tremendous popularity of the game with the masses. Golf frequently acts as a purge to those things inside us which we do not seem to be able to get out of us, in a harmless manner, anywhere but on a golf course. Shouting "Kill the umpire!" is hardly enough. This doesn't compare with the soul-satisfying sensation of making a bow tie out of a recalcitrant putter or mangling a marvelous mashie. Most important of all, however, is the fact that golf is a game we can play from childhood to dotage, and a lot of people do. Time takes a terrific toll in most sports.

Golf may be taken up relatively late in life, too. One day I was covering an open tournament in South Bend, Indiana. I was sitting on a bench at the thirteenth tee. A gentleman of fifty or so strolled up and sat down beside me as a young professional banged a beautiful tee shot down the fairway. "That was a pretty good shot, wasn't it?" said the man. "It was all of that," I replied. "Who is that young fellow?" he asked. "His name is Denny Sullivan," I said. "He's the pro at George Ade's course. Do you read any of George Ade's stuff?" I asked. "No," said my friend, "I'm just a beginner at this game."

I don't suppose golf could be used as a substitute for compulsory military training for it has never established any course records for averting war, which, presumably is the purpose of military training. Still it has been an important part of the program of many statesmen and gentlemen of the diplomatic service. The late Hirosi Saito, Japan's jaunty ambassador, lured Washington statesmen to the links—to discuss important international affairs while hunting for lost balls in the rough, sympathizing in the sand traps or hoisting their glasses around the nineteenth hole.

The result of this was that despite some very (*Continued on page 52*)



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The Swing's the Thing

(Continued from page 51)

delicate situations our relations with Japan were pretty much milk and honey as long as Saito was around the town. Just how far Saito got with his golf no one can say, but when he died several months ago the United States Government sent his body back home in an American warship, which did more to improve Japanese-American relations than anything in years.

King Leopold, boss of the Belgians, is a nine-handicap player and they say that whenever his international dealings with foreign representatives reach the headache stage, he suggests a game of golf, operating on the theory that this game more than bridge, poker or mint juleps brings out a guy's real character. Imagine what a diplomatic gentleman young King Feisal of Iraq will be in a lifetime. He is four now and has taken up golf seriously.



"Ugh! Chief Swingloose catchem ride with thumb!"

Most everyone knows that Edward (At Long Last) Windsor could be handled very neatly by a golfer. One time Walter Hagen was playing a big match over there and the Prince of Wales was in the gallery. After Walter hit his first tee shot he edged through the crowd over to the prince, feigning ignorance all the while, and said, "Young fellow, I like your smile, my name's Walter, what's yours?" The prince is alleged to have answered "Eddie," after which Walter told him to be his mascot and Walter wound up by winning the match, suggesting that he and Eddie go somewhere and have a drink and a bite of lunch, if Eddie could suggest a spot. Of course, when the prince ordered his hired hands into action and limousines started rolling up, Walter then caught on, much to the amazement and amusement of the British, whom he had astounded with his audacity.

Hagen has always been golf's gay deceiver. To some he has been its irritant, but fear has been in the hearts of his opponents for a long time. Like Jones he still is a super-attraction, although his best shooting days are over. Great Britain admired and feared him as did America's professionals. He won his first open championship 25 years ago last August and as early as five years after that he came to be known as golf's supreme psychologist. He had a ten-foot putt to negotiate to tie Mike Brady in the U. S. Open at Brae Burn one day. A great gallery gathered around the green to watch him make his bid. Carefully he studied the putt from all angles. Then he relaxed, straightened up from his putting stance and said, "Where's Mike, anyway?"

Mike was there. He saw Hagen hole that putt and all during the play-off round the next day he still kept seeing Hagen hole that putt. Two months ago O. B. Keeler, golf's greatest story teller, asked Hagen about this incident and Walter just laughed. "I didn't do it so much for showmanship as some people seem to think," he explained. "And I didn't want to say anything unmannerly for Mike's benefit. To tell the truth, I was damned nervous myself, and I took that means of relieving the tension."

Golf as a means of soothing a troubled world might not be as efficacious with Walter in charge as it would with Jones at the helm. I have been wondering, however, what would have happened had Mr. Hitler suggested a round of golf to Messrs. Chamberlain, Daladier and Mussolini when they ran up a dead-end street in one of their famous foursomes. Certainly it would never have done to have any one of them say what Mr. Hagen said (probably legendary) to the professionals the night before he was to defend his P. G. A. title—"Well, boys, who's gonna be second this year?" It is quite likely that one of them never would have thought of saying that. But the fact remains that they might have gotten into a very serious golfing debate, say on the advisability of swinging from the inside out, or on the matter of stymies. Perhaps they would have discussed water hazards. Eventually they all would have stood before that little 75-cent article, trembling and willing to admit that here, after all, was the great leveler. All thoughts of war would have become lost in the confusion. Hitler might not even have asked, "What's par for the course at Danzig?"

The Four Professors of Verdun

(Continued from page 17)

little to worry about and little you can do. We are all in the machine and it goes round and round and sometimes some of us fall off, but the others keep going round and round. We do what comes, read our books, eat our dinners, play a little chess, and think maybe we will live to see what it all comes to in the end. But then, when the time for action comes we are just crazy like all the rest.

"We are just school teachers, but don't let that fool you. School teachers are terrible when they get going in war. Don't you know they are always playing soldier business, telling children what to do and what not to do, and enforcing discipline. Look at things in the world today. Wilson is a school teacher. He is your war leader. Clemenceau is a school teacher. He is our war leader. Lloyd George is Britain's war leader. He was a school teacher. They are good haters, and, by Heavens and thunder, my son, they will eat up the Kaiser and the soldiers before they are through."

It was a good lunch that Professor Duchin served a half hour later. A soup and a stew made from the daily ration of beef sent to the post from one of the nearby forts. And there were two bottles

of wine, and finally a small glass of brandy.

"An American cigar would just finish this off," Bill remarked as he sipped the cognac.

"Very well," said Professor Duchin, and he disappeared into an inner room and reappeared with a box of excellent American cigars.

"Good heavens, how do you do it!" exclaimed Bill.

"Our American service of supplies," explained Professor Duchin. "Suppose we finish the cognac and cigars in the library."

Bill followed the four professors from the dining dugout into another room built in along the cliff. Sun streamed through the holes cut in the rock for windows and Bill was amazed to see a room lined with books. He was astounded when he saw an entire section filled with American volumes of all kinds, love stories, detective mysteries, and the latest novels of the day.

His amazement grew as he saw a table in the center of the dugout filled with huge boxes of chocolate and other candies, and all from the U. S. A.

His four professor hosts were laughing heartily. Bill reached for a book. He opened a love story and on the fly leaf came on the inscription: "To my poilu sweetheart, Armand, from Ann."

He hastily closed the book and returned it to the shelf.

"Your pardon, professor," he said, turning to Professor Benet.

"Oh, that is all right," replied the professor. "Just one of my American girls. One of my fifty sweethearts."

"Tell me, tell me all about it, will you?" pleaded Bill. He was getting slightly dizzy at this war he had discovered in Verdun.

"Well, you see," explained Professor Duchin. "We have much time. It is, as you say, heavy on our hands. And so we have got a list sent from one of the societies in Paris. It is a list of American girls who want to correspond with French soldiers. So we correspond. We each have fifty and we write them an occasional letter. They send us books. They send us chocolates. They send us sweaters, and socks, and magazines. The sweaters and socks we send up to the men in the trenches. The magazines we send to the hospitals. The books and tobacco we keep. It is fun, you see, but it is work. To write love letters and to find handsome photographs to send to America, and to remember all our names. But Professor Benet is a good system man. He has it all in cards and we do not often make a mistake. When we do it is oo, la, la for someone. In the meantime we are the Four Professors of Verdun, the Professors of the Verdun School of Love. How do you like the idea?"

Bill looked at the four laughing old men, the laughing Professors of Verdun.

"Good grief!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I'll bet one of (*Continued on page 54*)

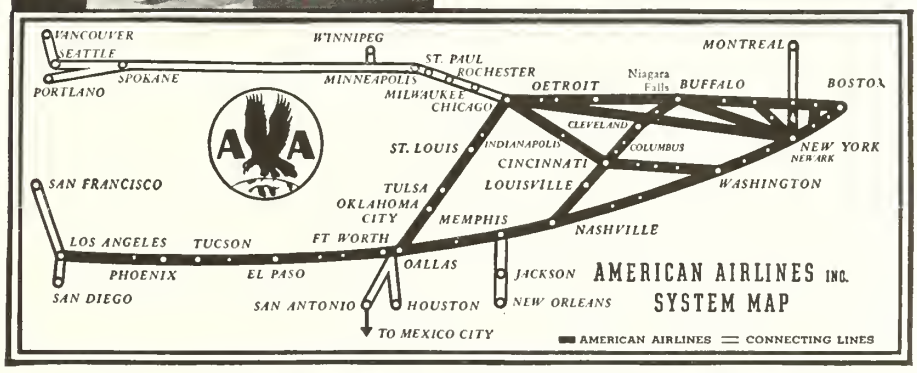
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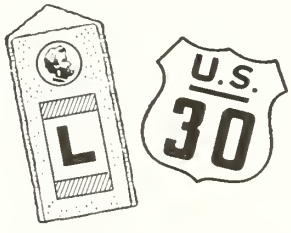
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"From Fair to Fair"

The LINCOLN HIGHWAY

The Four Professors of Verdun

(Continued from page 53)

you is the fellow Milly is nuts about."

With a bound he was at the bookcase, pulling out volumes, glancing at the fly-leaf inscriptions, throwing the books on the floor, and the four professors were running around him, shouting, telling him to stop, and asking him if he was crazy.

And then he found what he was looking for. It was a volume of poetry. There on the flyleaf was the inscription that brought him up standing. "To my own dear sweetheart, Etienne, from the girl who waits for him until the war is over. Mildred May Mason, Boston, U. S. A."

Bill dropped weakly into a chair, holding the volume and staring at the inscription with goggling eyes.

"Who in the hell is Etienne?" he asked.

"I use my own first name a good deal," said Professor Gerard. "I think, in fact I am quite sure, Miss Mason is on my list. Get the card index, Armand, and let us see about this."

There in the index was the record of Millie's love notes to Etienne and a record of the replies. All quite in order. Attached to the card was a small picture, a photograph of a handsome French soldier.

"Ah, yes," remarked Professor Gerard. "She did ask for my picture. I took one of a recruit up at the fort and sent it along. I took it with that camera Marjorie sent over. He is a very good looking boy, don't you think?"

It was too much for Bill, momentarily; then, "And this is what Mildred May has been nuts over for two years. This is why I bribed a sergeant to get to France months ahead of time."

The four professors had stopped laughing. They were looking at each other and at Bill, with some concern.

"Well, that's that," said Bill.

"This book comes from my girl," he said turning to face the four serious Professors of Verdun. "This girl thinks Etienne is a brave young French soldier fighting in the trenches. This girl thinks she is going to marry Etienne. And that is the reason this girl refused to marry me. Comprenay you?"

"Ah, oui, oui, oui, oui, oui!" exclaimed all four professors at once.

"Well then, do something about it, do something about it," shouted Bill, suddenly getting up from his chair and shaking one after the other of the professors.

"Ah," "Ah," "Ah," "Ah," said each one of the professors after the other as light broke on them.

"This," said Professor Duchin, "calls for a conference."

"Conference hell," shouted Bill. "Write her a letter. Tell her the truth. Give me a break."

The Four Professors of Verdun were suddenly babbling French at each other in terrific spurts. Hands were going, eyes were flashing, and words unintelligible to Bill came tumbling out. Suddenly there was quiet.

"I am sorry," said Professor Gerard. "I will write the letter. I will tell the truth. I will tell her you are here. I will apologize."

"Okay," said Bill, "and I'll take that letter and see that it goes."

Professor Gerard seated himself and began writing.

"Etienne," softly spoke up Professor Duchin. "You are making a mistake. You must not write that letter."

"He damn well must," broke in Bill.

"No, he must not," said Professor Duchin. "He must not for your sake. Don't you see, my lad, that you cannot humiliate this girl. You cannot let her know she has been fooled. She would



"He used to be a baker."

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hate every man for a time, and you in particular for being here and bringing about this exposé."

"Duchin is right," said Professor Benet. "The woman ridiculed is worse than the woman scorned. We have got to think of some other way out of this difficulty."

"I tell you what we shall do," said Professor Duchin. "Let us prepare a letter. Let Etienne write it."

And when they finished, after an hour of debate and anger and exclamations of agreement and disagreement, Bill read and gave approval.

"Dearest American Sweetheart," began the missive, "I have been wounded again, but my life is safe and it is yours. It is safe because of a brave young American. I was out in No Man's Land in front of Verdun. I was with a patrol and became separated. Out of the morning mist came the Germans. One of them fired at me. The bullet took away my left ear. I raised my hand to feel, and another bullet shot away my nose. A third sent a crease down my head, giving me a permanent part. They were just about to bayonet me when a tall thin American came floating down in a parachute.

"He had jumped out from a balloon just set on fire. He had two guns. He shot down six of the Germans and he chased the others. He caught one of them by the neck and brought him back with him, and with the German in one hand and me under the other arm he made his way back to the line. I tried to thank him, but he said, 'Shut up, damn frog' and walked away. But I have learned who he is. I asked a man from his company. He said, 'That fellow, oh, that's Bill Holloway of Boston. He eats Germans alive, pushes Frenchmen in the face, and spits at French women.' So that queer American saved my life, so I can go to you and America and be married when all this is over. Yours until the end of time, Etienne."

"And there," said Professor Duchin, "you have it. Her French sweetheart has no nose, and no left ear. Her American sweetheart is the hero. He is jealous and hates Frenchmen. He is faithful and he won't look at French women. He is reckless, and she had better write to him if she wants him to be careful and come home." I predict that you will hear from her soon."

And Bill took the letter and paid an ambulance driver to get it back to Paris where an American friend saw that it got in the mail. As Bill moved out at dusk, after a storm of embraces and good wishes, he heard a phonograph sounding out the "Marseillaise" and in the candle light of a room in the cliff he saw the Four Professors of Verdun standing at salute, lustily singing with the music of the record. He would never forget that scene, certainly, as long as he remembered anything.

"AND here," said Bill, as he led Mildred May up a tangled ravine back of Verdun, "is where I met the Four Professors of Verdun just nineteen years ago."

"And who," asked Mildred May, annoyed at being dragged through the woods, "and what, were the Four Professors of Verdun?"

"Sweetheart," replied Bill, "ask me that a few years from now when we celebrate our Silver Wedding and I may tell you. I may. Ask me that when we celebrate our Golden Wedding, and I surely will tell you. That's a promise. In the meantime, don't ask."

For the Duration

(*Continued from page 33*)

in its home town—the group picture taken at a recent celebration includes the Mayor of Blue Earth, the City Assessor, Superintendent of the Municipal Light and Water Plant, one doctor, two dentists, County Highway Engineer and his assistant, and others who are prominent in the business and professional life of the community. See the following page.

Reading from left to right, the Pasts are: First row, Walter J. Marolf, Frank J. Steiner, Walter H. Eder, W. C. Chambers, Rector H. Putnam, Francis D. Zingheim, John E. Franke; second row, Axel Moline, Ferd Lehman, Rollo F. Dean, Roy A. C. Kohlmeyer, Lewis G. Wilke, H. R. Rosewall, Lloyd Quarve, William Martin, Robert J. Gallegher, Richard G. Meyer; third row, Donald L. Stearns, John M. Haase, and Bert B. Willmert.

Seventeen Years

LINCOLN Post of Shamokin, Pennsylvania, has a number of claims to distinction as one of the most active and progressive units in the National Organization, not the least of which is their splendid quarter of a million home in the heart of the city, and long continued community service program. Just recently Lincoln Post played a very prominent part in the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of Shamokin. The Post staged a drum corps competition, with $1,200 hung up as cash prizes, and also a military parade in which National Guard units took part.

Another distinction of which the Post is quite proud is that Commander D. J. Zimmerman is now serving his eighteenth consecutive (*Continued on page 56*)



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For the Duration

(*Continued from page 55*)



Blue Earth (Minnesota) Post proudly presents all of its twenty Past Commanders, all active in Legion work. It's a good Post that can make the hundred percent club

term as Post Commander. At the completion of his seventeenth year a certificate of service was presented to him by Department Commander Frank E. Gwynn.

Shrapnel

PAXTON (Massachusetts) Post presented a fifty-foot steel flag pole to the Paxton Center Grammar School, the second such presentation made by the Post to its town. In 1934 a flag pole was set on the lawn of the Richards Memorial Library. Paxton Post has twenty-four members. . . . The baby Post of the Department of Canada is Medicine Hat (Alberta) Post, which completed its organization and installed R. B. Smith as Commander on July 4th. . . . And Louis K. Juden Post, Cape Girardeau, Missouri, celebrated the Fourth by sponsoring a great meeting in its home city. More than thirty thousand people turned out for the celebration, which was addressed by Past National Commander Bennett Champ Clark, now United States Senator. The addresses were broadcast over an independent network of five Missouri radio stations. . . . Merle Walradth, Commander of Albert Michael Post of Pipestone, Minnesota, reports that his Post has formally dedicated its memorial plot in Woodlawn Cemetery. Placed in the plot prior to dedication were one hundred and seven white wooden crosses, each with a metal plate bearing the name of a veteran buried in one of the local cemeteries, and a larger cross as a tribute to the Unknown Soldier. . . . Burlington (Iowa) Post, now comfortably settled in its quarters in the new Auditorium, has reserved one chair with a wide ribbon stretched from arm to arm to prevent any one from using it. A card tells its purpose: "Reserved for the exclusive use of Edmund B. Davis, only surviving member of the G. A. R. in Des Moines County." . . . Everhart Van Eimeren Post, South Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has made an enviable record in the field of community service and youth activity. The Post owns its own home with an auditorium seating six hundred persons, which is operated as a community center. . . . Social Security Board Post, of Baltimore, Maryland, is interested in collecting and preserving war colors of the various units not now in the care of the United States Government, and to arrange for the display of such colors. The Post has appointed a committee to urge such a program. . . . Burlington (Vermont) Post sponsors a junior drum and bugle corps known as "Burlington's Own," according to Manager J. Howard O'Neill. The corps is composed of thirty-two members, with ten drum majors, eight of whom are baton-twirling girls.

BOYD B. STUTLER

Dollar Power

(*Continued from page 27*)

stress and worry, make-shifts and sometimes borrowings, to keep the load of Rehabilitation work moving forward, and to get the growing load of Child Welfare work into motion. Many other tasks consumed their share of the modest dues which came in to National Headquarters.

FINANCIAL statements did not look so good in those days, and when committees met at National Conventions to plan the work badly needed for the coming year, they were continually finding their well intended plans stopped short against a wall marked "budget," or detoured on a road marked "to the finance committee." That detour much too often led to no place. It was a result of this condition which inspired the Endowment Fund. At the Sixth Annual Convention, at St. Paul, Minnesota in September 1924, both the Rehabilitation and the Child Welfare Committees had a tough head-bumping experience against that budget wall. Whereupon, without any preconceived decision or any mutual understanding, these two committees passed a couple of resolutions. The one from the Rehabilitation Committee said, in part:

> Resolved, that the National Executive Committee be, and it hereby is directed . . . to create a trust . . . to receive donations . . . and invite . . . to contribute thereto . . . and that publicity be given . . . a prospectus of the proposed trust fund, etc.

From the Child Welfare Committee came a shorter paragraph, as follows:

> 5. That an endowment fund be raised by said National Executive Committee to be invested by the National Endowment Committee, the interest thereof to be used in the development and maintenance of the Children's Welfare Committee program.

So much was resolved at St. Paul. Nevertheless it is one thing to pass a resolution for money, or wish for money, and another thing to go get it. After the convention had adjourned the new National Commander, who was James A. Drain, looked over the tasks which had been left for his attention. He talked the matter over with the then national Adjutant, Russell Creviston.

As a result of that conversation a quick mail order vote of the National Executive Committee was taken, authorizing the joint effort to raise an endowment fund of five million dollars, and an Endowment Executive Committee was appointed. Forthwith the National Commander began to swing his one arm with good effect. One place he swung it was over the desk of Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States. He wanted Mr. Coolidge to become Honorary Chairman of the Endowment Campaign. Mr. Coolidge explained that it was not customary for the President of the United States to accept membership on any money-raising committee. Having explained that, he accepted. Mrs. Coolidge added her name to the list of sponsors, as did every member of the Cabinet. From that point onward, working by telegraph and long distance, the Commander put together his National Committee in a week.

The American Legion Endowment Campaign was planned as a nation-wide effort, a search for many small gifts rather than a few large gifts, because the appeal was to be in itself an explanation to the American people that The American Legion was a body of *service* men, as well as ex-service men. By the time the National Executive Committee met in January 1925, a complete program of organized solicitation and accompanying educational publicity had been planned, every step was ready to be put in motion when approved by the Committee, a job was ready for every man jack in the Legion from coast to coast as part of the project of selling the Legion's rehabilitation and child welfare program to the American public, and General Jim Drain was sick in bed.

The Legion rallied to the task, and State by State, group by group, took up the business of making an organized appeal to the public. Meanwhile, the sick-bed conferences. First a conference of bankers, outlining the safe terms of a perpetual trust. Colonel Leonard P. Ayres of Cleveland and Evans Woollen of Indianapolis spent a long morning in General Jim's bedroom while that was worked out. The decision to invest the funds only in government, state or municipal securities, or mortgages of such high degree of safety that very few liens of that caliber ever have been available, was made in that sick room.

Next a conference of lawyers. Bob Adams, then National Judge Advocate of the Legion, went to the sick room, flanked by Fred McCarthy of St. Paul, skilled railroad lawyer and earnest Legionnaire, and Emmet O'Neal of Kentucky, today a member of Congress from the State where he has long served the Legion and his fellow men. Those three, primarily, wrote the legal documents, planned the detailed terms of the perpetual trust. General Jim wrote into it the provision for perpetuity, which states that when the original purpose of the fund shall have expired the income shall then be used for such worthwhile purpose "as the man who is then President of the United States shall decide." The Endowment Fund, if as wisely managed as in the past, will last much longer than The American Legion itself.

With authority for the nationwide campaign given, the whole forces of the Legion through Departments and Posts were put to work, or put themselves to work. Field secretaries were trained and sent afield, one to each State, or more or less as needed. A publicity staff was established at headquarters. The Legion Magazine, then a weekly, undertook much of the education of the Legion itself, inspiring the membership to hard, self-sacrificing work.

Three States near National Headquarters were selected for the test campaigns—Indiana, Illinois and Kentucky. Their department officers and memberships accepted this responsibility. Just as the work was getting under way a cyclone smashed its way across middle Illinois, and the Legion forgot its own needs and rallied to relief in the disaster. Within a week a tragic mining accident in Indiana set that whole State to raising funds for the relief needed in that emergency. Only in Kentucky did the Legion's Endowment drive move forward "as per schedule." Good old Kentucky, with a stiff $50,000 quota, took on the load and trotted herself out as the trial horse. It was a big day in the Legion history of 1925 when the National Commander, now on his feet and going strong, was sitting in a New York hotel with the Department Commanders and Adjutants of the Northeastern States, planning their Endowment effort, and a Western Union messenger boy was ushered to the front. Tearing open a telegram, General Drain could proudly read:

"Kentucky tonight has oversubscribed her quota by $8,000."

As Kentucky went, so went the nation. State by State and group by group, led by the Legion and its members with their own gifts, but mightily supported by an understanding public, the endowment pot was filled. Great States like New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and California gave the biggest sums, but little New Hampshire, led by her Legionnaire Governor, John G. Winant, won the honor of greatest over-subscription of her quota, 300 percent of what was asked. (*Continued on page 58*)

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Dollar Power

(Continued from page 57)

As all who have served the Legion know, any task of service is both hard work and good fun. The two elements were well mixed in the Endowment Campaign of 1925, one of the Legion's finest nationwide endeavors. The roll of honor of the Legion members and of others who gave much, both in cash and service, is too long to tell. The mechanics of the campaign were fairly simple and direct. First came the National Committee headed by the President, with three score of leaders in all walks of life lending their names and something of their time. Vice-President Charles G. Dawes and General John J. Pershing spoke in more than one city. Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis addressed a score of meetings, telling headquarters he would go anywhere "if you can find some old crate to get me there." Judge Landis had no time to move except by air. John R. McQuigg, who succeeded Jim Drain as National Commander, and who died a couple of years later, proved a tower of strength with his rugged, hard-hitting simplicity of speech.

Then in each State the State Committee, in each city a sub-committee, in each Legion Post a leader and squads of workers. Who were all of those that helped? At Omaha at the Seventh National Convention the resolution of thanks could not be long enough to name them.

In New York the selection of State Chairman was a problem. Owen D. Young and the late Otto H. Kahn offered to help raise the quota, if the right man for chairman would take the lead. The right man was found, just up from a long sickness but full of energy and enthusiasm for anything he tackled, a man named Franklin D. Roosevelt. With Young, Kahn and other such lieutenants the money soon was rolling in.

Only one donation of more than $5,000 was received from any individual. The exception was Ignace Paderewski, world famous pianist and former Premier of Poland. A phone call to the Endowment office in New York City one morning offered the proceeds of a concert to be given by the greatest drawing card then before the American public. Failing to recognize the name given by the concert manager, and always suspicious of the publicity seeking sometimes intermingled with the show business of the metropolis, the Legion field secretary replied that he would have the offer considered "and let you know." Thus, after some apparent reluctance, the greatest pianist of his age was permitted to give first one and ultimately four concerts for the sole benefit of the Endowment Fund, totaling almost $30,000 in receipts.

That was the largest gift. The first gift to be received also went through a process of near rejection. Cardinal O'Connell of Boston, writing to accept membership on the National Committee, had enclosed a check, but made no mention of it in his letter. It can now be told that the very first check sent to the Endowment Fund went into the waste basket. Happily it was rescued, two jumps ahead of the furnace man, and properly acknowledged. Thereafter all envelopes were shaken.

President Coolidge, who gave much more than money to the Endowment, also contributed a check. He asked and received no more acknowledgment of that than any schoolboy who gave a nickel, just the same note of thanks that went to all.

Money came from many corners of the earth. Legion Posts abroad, given no quotas, volunteered their cash and sent it, from China, Hawaii, Panama, Mexico, and many more. In one southwestern State a certain rivalry in good deeds, not unmixed with rivalry in Legion leadership, led to a threat to shoot the field secretary sent out from National Headquarters if he made a move not dictated by one militant faction. The secretary stayed on the job and came home with gold and no lead to show for his efforts.

The job was not finished in a year, but by the year end the actual money was in sight, two-thirds of it in hand. The clean-up campaign in late 1925 and early 1926, under Commander McQuigg, completed what had been well planned and partly done. The cost of the whole enterprise was well under ten percent of the receipts. Even by the end of 1925 substantial sums were being carefully invested, under the strict terms provided in the trust, and by the end of 1926 approximately all of the five million was in pocket. The American Legion, committed by every pledge and purpose to its tasks of service, was equipped as never before to press forward with its work of justice "To Those Who Gave the Most."

To conserve and administer the fund, make it readily and legally available as the medium for future gifts and bequests, meet various tax questions, and safeguard the terms of the trust through the years, the American Legion Endowment Fund Corporation was created, a non-profit corporation of nine members. The members serve for three years each, being appointed by the National Commander and confirmed by the National Executive Committee of The American Legion, three yeach year. These members in turn elect nine Directors of the Corporation, who choose the president, secretary and treasurer. This all seems legalistic and involved, but as a safe and sound procedure, as well as legally adequate, it has been found to work very well.

The availability of the Fund to receive future bequests, tax free, is of importance. At the outset of the Endowment Fund a number of service men made it the beneficiary of their adjusted service certificates. Some of those gifts have since come to the fund upon the death of bequeathers. Other persons have made the fund a beneficiary under their wills. Because the Fund is a perpetual trust, to be continued after the Legion has no more living members and used for such purposes, kindred to its original plan, as the then President of the United States may designate, it has a strong appeal to those who would keep alive the name of The American Legion and the spirit of its service to needy children and to the disabled.

Members and directors and officers of the Corporation serve without pay, and the cost of administration of the Fund has been nominal. General Drain acted as President of the Corporation for several years after its creation, then Past National Commander Howard Savage carried the responsibility for some years. General E. M. Stayton, of Kansas City, long active in Legion work, is now President. Dr. Carleton B. McCulloch, of Indianapolis, has been Treasurer of the Fund since its beginning, and has given many hours of valuable work to its administration and protection. Col. William Wall of Indianapolis has for some years been the Secretary. Past Commander Drain continues to be a member of the Corporation and has its welfare close at heart. Because the whole Endowment project was so largely his work, I asked him to summarize what the Endowment Fund has accomplished.

"No one can tell," he said, "how many thousands of disabled and of orphans have been aided by this fund. The whole secret of it lies in the great volume of voluntary work done by the Legion, the Auxiliary, the 40 and 8 and the 8 and 40. The administrative trust is just the safety back-log A limited amount has been spent in direct emergency aid. A much larger sum has been spent by other agencies, private and governmental, inspired, directed or assisted by the Legion forces. The annual sums taken from Legion dues, and those donated by the Auxiliary and the 40 and 8, and 8 and 40 have been an essential coöperative contribution to the Endowment income in the rehabilitation and child welfare work."

Over the River

(*Continued from page 36*)

command of that troop transport Hiatt reports that the *Pocahontas* was the former German liner *Princess Irene*, which had been taken over and converted into a transport after we entered the war. She made twenty-six trips across the Atlantic carrying troops, and because of her splendid record she was given the special honor of being chosen to carry 2700 prisoners-of-war and aliens, including German sailors and civilians who had been deported, back to Europe. On this trip, she sailed from New York City for Rotterdam, Holland, on September 26, 1919.

About the Admiral's letter, Hiatt has this to say: "It just goes to show that he is a real buddy to all who were with him and knew him twenty years ago, and regardless of rank or title, like us out in the various fields of today, he likes to look back with fond memory on those incidents and happenings with his former buddies."

The Admiral served as Commander of the Battle Force from January 20, 1938, until June 24, 1939, when he was relieved by Admiral James O. Richardson. Admiral Kalbfus reported for duty on June 30th as President of the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island.

LAST Call! We hope you find in the list below announcement of a reunion of your wartime outfit during the Legion National Convention in Chicago, September 25th to 28th. Those meetings of the old gang make a convention doubly enjoyable and more and more groups of World War veterans are being added to the list of regulars who follow the Legion each year.

First Division men, under the auspices of the Society of the First Division, have been holding their official annual reunion and convention in conjunction with the Legion National Convention for the past ten years. This year, led by their wartime commander and permanent national president, Major General Charles P. Summerall, First Division veterans will meet for the nineteenth consecutive reunion. Headquarters will be in the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, and activities have been confined to one day—the opening day of the convention, September 25th—so there will be little conflict with the Legion program.

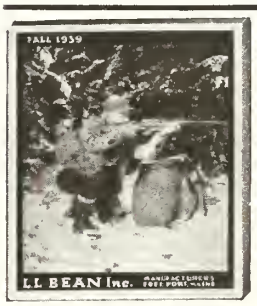
Veterans of the First Division will meet at the Chicago, Aurora and Elgin Railroad Station, Quincy and Wells Streets, at 10 A. M., Monday, September 25th, for a get-together outing and barbecue lunch at the Cantigny Farm of Colonel R. R. McCormick, former major in command of the 1st Battalion, 5th Field Artillery. Although this is a stag party, the ladies of the First Division will be entertained that day at a luncheon at the Hotel Sherman by the Cantigny Auxiliary. The Society's annual reunion banquet will be held in the Hotel Sherman the same evening, with Colonel Thomas R. (*Continued on page 60*)



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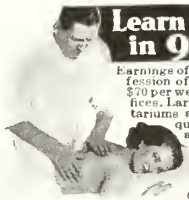
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THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

FINANCIAL STATEMENT
June 30, 1939

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit		$ 564,882.02
Notes and accounts receivable		31,641.48
Inventories		97,923.76
Invested funds		1,973,619.10
Permanent investments:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		204,176.35
Office building, Washington, D. C. less depreciation		123,764.31
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation		31,307.80
Deferred charges		20,475.21
		$3,047,790.03

Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth

Current liabilities		$ 67,338.57
Funds restricted as to use		24,412.66
Deferred revenue		379,155.01
Permanent trust:		
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund		204,176.35
Net Worth:		
Restricted capital	$1,919,777.93	
Unrestricted capital	452,929.51	2,372,707.44
		$3,047,790.03

Over the River

(Continued from page 59)

Gowenlock as toastmaster. Besides General Summerall, General John J. Pershing and Major General Frank Parker are expected to attend.

And as for the gobs: Among many scheduled reunions of Navy veterans there will be one for the former crew of the U. S. S. *Rhode Island*, about which S. W. P. Leighton of the Continental Illinois National Bank and Trust Company of Chicago has this to say: "Something new in the way of competition: A call to 'battle stations' to defend our laurels against the ex-crew of the U. S. S. *Iowa* who have challenged our '*Rhody*' men. They claim they can muster more men for their Chicago reunion than we can and also have thrown down the gauntlet in the form of a scheduled softball game between the ex-firemen of the *Iowa* and the ex-yeomen of the *Rhody*.

"Among former officers who have promised to attend are our old skipper, Admiral Latimer, Lieutenant Bryce, Lieutenant Commander Dixon and Lieutenant Rutter. Registration headquarters will be in the Great Northern Hotel. A reunion dinner and an inspection of Chicago's inland Navy are planned. I want all *Rhody* vets to write to me at 231 South LaSalle Street, Chicago."

Although, perforce, this is the last listing of National Convention reunions in the Legion Magazine, publicity for last-minute reunions may be obtained by reporting them to Stanley R. McNeill, Convention Reunions Chairman, The American Legion, Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Legion Women's activities are under the chairmanship of Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, 8136 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago.

Detailed information of the following National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

LEGION WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES—Official dinner Red Lacquer Room, Palmer House, Sept. 25, 6:30 p. m.; open house and tea, Nurses Club, 8 S. Michigan av., Sept. 24 & 25; tour of Chicago Historical Society and tea, afternoon, Sept. 27. Mrs. Nell W. Halstead, gen. chmn., 8136 Ingleside av., Chicago.

NATL. ORG. WORLD WAR NURSES—Annual convention and reunion. Natl. hq., Stevens Hotel. Annual breakfast-meeting, Blackstone Hotel, Wed., Sept. 27, 8 a. m. Miss Mable B. Madden, chmn., 700 Fullerton Pkwy., Chicago.

NATL. YEOMEN F—Annual reunion and meeting. Breakfast-reunion, Tropical Room, Medinah Club, Wed., Sept. 27, 8 a. m. Mrs. Constance H. Strong, chmn., 3232 Home av., Berwyn, Ill.

1ST DIV.—19th annual reunion, auspices Soc. of 1st Div. All vets meet 10 a. m., Mon., Sept. 25, C. A. & E. R. R., Quincy & Wells St., for trip to Cantigny Farm for get-together and barbecue; women's luncheon same day at Hotel Sherman. Annual reunion banquet, Hotel Sherman, evening of Sept. 25. Herman R. Dorf, chmn., 6765 Sheridan rd., Chicago, or Room 107, Hotel Sherman.

2D DIV.—Natl. reunion banquet, 2d Div. Assoc. A. E. F., Louis XVI Room, Hotel Sherman, Sept. 26. Geo. V. Gordon, 5814 Winthrop av., Chicago.

4TH DIV.—Reunion and banquet, Hotel Sherman, Sun. eve, Sept. 24. Make reservations with W. T. Evans, 320 W. Grand st., Chicago.

5TH DIV.—Red Diamond Dugout in Union Temple Bldg., Electricians Hall, Odgen & Washington Blvd. Buses direct to door. All 5th Div. vets welcome. Frank F. Barth, membership secy., 58 E. Congress st., Chicago.

13TH DIV.—Reunion. Charles A. Guldan, 2857 Belden av., Chicago.

20TH DIV.—Reunion. Harry McBride, 1229 26th st., Newport News, Va.

26TH DIV.—Reunion dinner, Sept. 26, auspices Chicago YD Club, which will also open Hq. in Loop district. Walter D. Crowell, 2400 Hartzell st., Evanston, Ill., or Edmund D. O'Connell, 7919 S. Union st., Chicago.

31ST (DIXIE) DIV.—2d reunion and banquet. C. F. Negele, 169 W. Bonita av., San Dimas, Calif.

32D DIV.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 26, with Red Arrow Club of Chicago as sponsor. Frank J. Schneller, pres., 2000 Lincoln Park West, Chicago.

33D DIV.—Reunion. Hq. in Hotel Morrison. Write Wm. M. Engel, secy., 127 N. Dearborn st., Chicago.

38TH (CYCLONE) DIV.—Reunion. Geo. H. Healey, natl. reunion chmn., English Hotel, Indianapolis, Ind. or Harold J. Tallett, reunion contact man, 1610 Sheridan rd., N. Chicago.

42D (RAINBOW) DIV.—Reunion-banquet, Hotel Sherman, eve., Sept. 24. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

80TH DIV.—Reunion dinner. Mark R. Byrne, natl. secy., 413 Plaza bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

81ST (WILDCAT) DIV.—Reunion dinner. Hq. at Hotel Knickerbocker. Write Wildcats Vets. Comm., Hotel Knickerbocker, Chicago.

82D DIV.—Reunion. Paul W. Tilley, 1122½ W. 88th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

85TH DIV.—Reunion. Frank L. Greenya, pres., 2812 W. Pierce st., Milwaukee, Wise.

89TH DIV.—Natl. reunion luncheon, Mon., Sept. 25. Registration hq. will be established. Write Leonard M. Rice, gen. chmn., 7 S. Dearborn st., Chicago, for details.

92D DIV.—Reunion, 92d Div. W. W. Vets. Assoc. Jesse B. Gunn, pres., 6510 Evans av., Chicago.

34TH INF. BAND—Reunion. L. E. Benedict, Sherburne, N. Y.

41ST INF.—Reunion. Frank A. Abrams, 7754 S. Halstead st., Chicago.

46TH INF., Cos. A, B, C & D—5th reunion. Lewis E. Pirkey, Saybrook, Ill.

131ST INF., Co. H—Reunion. Leonard A. Borgeson, 4231 N. Lawndale av., Chicago.

131ST INF., M. G. Co.—Reunion. Patrick H. Felker, 176 N. Clark st., Chicago.

4TH INF., C.O.T.S., 1ST Co., 2D BN., CAMP PIKE—Reunion. L. C. Howe, 8944 Bishop st., Chicago.

6TH Co., INF. CAND. SCHOOL, LAVALBONNE—Reunion. Fred O. Folk, c/o Rothschild, State & Jackson, Chicago.

326TH M. G. BN., Co. D—Annual reunion. Walter M. Wood, Drawer 29, Portsmouth, Ohio.

9TH F. A.—Reunion. W. F. Oberlies, 95th & Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

80TH F. A., BTRY. F—Reunion, Taylor Post, A. L., Schiller & N. Clark st., Chicago. Nick Pernicar, c/o Post Hq.

62D C. A. C., BTRY. C—Reunion. Mannie Fisher, 1357 N. Western av., Chicago.

67TH C. A. C., BTRY. C; 7TH Co. (FT. WINFIELD SCOTT); 44TH & 45TH PROV. COS. (PRESIDIO)—Reunion hq. at Fort Dearborn Hotel. Reunion dinner, Wed., Sept. 27. Gerald D. Nolan, 372 Bridle Path, Worcester, Mass.

68TH ART., C.A.C., BTRY. B—Reunion, Sept. 25. Write to L. C. Shonts, ex-capt., 1901 McCormick bldg., 332 S. Michigan av., Chicago.

72D ART., C. A. C., BTRY. C—Reunion. Write Samuel Genesen, secy., 7817 Essex av., Chicago, or Walter Weiss, chmn., c/o Board of Trade Post, Amer. Legion, Chicago.

72D ART., C. A. C., BTRY. D—Reunion hq. at 226 S. Wabash av., with Dusty Collins as official greeter. Write Jos. C. Horsch, sec., 7216 S. Hermitage av., Chicago.

1ST BTRY., 3D O. T. C., CAMP GRANT—Luncheon reunion. Lee M. Thurston, 140 N. Mayfield av., Chicago.

BTRIES. C & D, 4TH & 5TH REGTS., F.A.R.D., CAMP TAYLOR—Frank O'Sullivan, Galena, Kans.

Co. C, 1ST AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Jacob G. Wagner, Box 12, Monterey, Ind.

Co. E, 4TH AMMUN. TRN.—Reunion. Harry K. Fletcher, 720 E. Vine st., Ottumwa, Iowa.

105TH ORDN. DEPOT, CAMP LEE—Reunion. Alex. H. Kuhd, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

WORLD WAR VETS OF C. A. C.—Reunion. R. R. Jacobs, comdr., 43 Frisbie av., Battle Creek, Michigan.

2D TRENCH MORTAR BN., BTRY A—A. W. Robinson, 533 N. Main st., Berrien Springs, Mich.

WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Reunion. E. J. Price, chmn., 130 N. Wells st., Chicago. To organize local Bns., write Claude J. Harris, organ. dir., 817½ W. 43d st., Los Angeles, Calif.

Co. A, 302D BN., TANK CORPS—22d reunion, Sept. 25. Write L. M. Lewis, LaSalle Hotel, Chicago.

13TH ENGRS.—Hq. in Hotel Sherman, under sponsorship 13th Engrs., Post, A. L. Geo. H. Beyer, adjt., 217 W. Caldendar av., La Grange, Ill.

14TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. Hq., Auditorium Hotel. A. G. Grant, chmn., 8018 Evens av., Chicago.

17TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Reunion. Mark W. Van Sickel, secy.-treas., 1399 Virginia av., Columbus, Ohio.

21ST ENGRS. L. R. SOC.—19th annual reunion. F. G. Webster secy.-treas., 113 E. 70th st., Chicago.

23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Write H. H. Siddall, pres., 5440 Ridgewood ct., Chicago, for advance reunion news and copy of official publication.

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

26TH ENGRS.—Reunion-banquet, Morrisou Hotel Sept. 25. Write Dr. A. A. Fricke, secy.-treas., 1136 W. 6th st., Los Angeles, Calif.

35TH ENGRS.—Reunion of car builders. Fred Krahenbuhl, 1310 Hanover st., Hamilton, Ohio.

39TH ENGRS.—15th annual reunion, Atlantic Hotel, Chicago, Sept. 26. Chas. M. Karl, secy., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago.

60TH RY. ENGRS. ANN AUX.—8th reuniou. Hq at Windermere 'East' Hotel, 56th & Cornell av., Chicago. Get-together on Sun., Sept. 24th; dinner party Sun. night at International House, Chicago University. Joint business session, 10 a. m., and luncheon at Hq. hotel, Mon., Sept. 25. D. E. & Eula Gallagher, secys., 812 E. 21st st., Little Rock, Ark.

61ST RY. ENGRS.—2d reunion. Hq. at St. Clair Hotel, Ohio & St. Clair st., Chicago. Edw. W. Soboda, secy., 1606a W. Chambers st., Milwaukee, Wisc.

218TH ENGRS., HQ. CO.—Reunion. Arthur Thompson, 2104 W. Cermak rd., Chicago.

509TH ENGRS.—Reunion. Write C. G. Riggenbach, 8014 Perry av., Chicago.

308TH FIELD BN., SIG. CORPS—Reunion. Write Jim Hill, 527 Frye av., Peoria, Ill.

314TH F. S. BN. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, Sat., Sept. 23. A. J. Tichy, secy., 2117 S. East av., Berwyn, Ill.

415TH SIG. CORPS BN. ASSOC.—Reunion, Great Northern Hotel, Chicago. James J. Maher, 3723 S. Rockwell st., Chicago.

52D TEL. BN., S. C.—Reunion. Mike Loftus, 6955 W. George st., Chicago.

Co. C, 105TH F. S. BN.—Reunion. Art Park, 809 College av., Wheaton, Ill.

CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunion dinner, Hotel Hamilton, Sept. 26, 8 p. m. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., Box 75, R. 3, Kingston, N. Y.

1ST GAS & FLAME REGT., C. W. S.—Reunion Write Walter J. Meinhardt, 111 W. Washington st., Chicago.

1ST GAS REGT. (30TH ENGRS.)—Reunion dinner. Hq. at Hotel Morrison. Write W. L. Lundy, 1229 W. Lawrence st., Appleton, Wisc.

2D U. S. CAVALRY—Reunion. Hq. at Bismarck Hotel. Write James Bigelow, 2031 E. Fernwood av., Milwaukee, Wisc.

11TH CAV., HQ., A, B, C, D ANN M. G. TROOPS, FT. MYERS—Write Geo. J. Sherrard, 4906 N. Talman av., Chicago.

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Reunion, banquet and dance. Hq. and Balloon Bar in Congress Hotel, overlooking parade route. Banquet in Gold Room. Sidney R. Rothschild, gen. reunion chmn., I0565 Hale av., Chicago.

31ST BALLOON CO.—Reunion with NAABCV. John C. Eidt, 4317 37th st., Long Island City, N. Y.

17TH & 148TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Harold E. Young, 2912 Field, Detroit, Mich.

32D AERO SQDRN.—Reunion and organization. Geo. M. Haag, 152 E. Main st., Bogota, N. J.

120TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Wm. J. Callaghan, 418 5th av., N., Great Falls, Mont.

139TH AERO SQDRN. and vets of VICTORY LOAN FLYING CIRCUS (EASTERN SEC.)—Reunion-dinner, Bismarck Hotel, Tues., Sept. 26, 8 p. m. C. O. Baetz, Box 51, 1103 N. Appleton st., Appleton, Wisc.

150TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion Rich Field vets. F. W. Freeman, 22 Parker av., Cranford, N. J.

161ST AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. H. W. Tawson, 4015 Xerxes av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.

174TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion and revised roster. Write V. E. (Vic) Fesenmeyer, Riceville, Iowa.

175TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. Floyd Perham, Lake Side, Mich.

224TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion banquet, Sept. 25. W. V. Mathews, 2208 Cuming st., Omaha, Nebr.

225TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. John B. Lamb, 1532 Pallister st., Detroit, Mich.

277TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. H. C Lockwood, 3906 Douglas rd., Downers Grove, Ill.

380TH & 828TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion. Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

463D AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion, Palmer House. For details, write Earle W. Moss, actg.-secy., 1010 Lake av., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

466TH AERO SQDRN.—Reunion, Morrison Hotel. Paul Barlow, 105 Main st., St. Joseph, Mich.

634TH AERO SUP. SQDRN.—Reunion. Wm. T. Ford, 447 N. Clark st., Chicago.

SPRUCE & AERO CONSTR. SQNRNS., VANCOUVER BARRACKS—Reunion and organization. Hq. in Hotel Morrison. Gen. Brice P. Disque will attend Wm. N. Edwards, C. O., 24th Sqdrn., 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

11TH CONSTR. CO., AIR SERV.—2d reunion, at Harold A. Taylor Post (A. L.) Hq., 1358 N. Clark st. Theo. J. Herzog, 3616 N. Paulina st., Chicago.

FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN. 303 ASSOC.—For reunion details, write Frank T. Herbert, 444 W. Grand av., Chicago.

313TH FIELD REMOUNT SQDRN.—Reunion. Chester C. Sellens, 544 E. 2d st., Russell, Ks.

REMOUNT SQNRN. 342—Reunion. Harry C. Campbell, 619 Wallace av., Bowling Green, Ohio.

AMER. R. R. TRANS. CORPS VETS.—Reunion. All R. R. vets of home camps or A. E. F. invited. Clyde D. Burton, chmn., 8211 Ellis av., Chicago.

BASE SPARE PARTS, DEPOT UNITS 1-2-3, M. T. C. 327—Annual reunion, Maryland Hotel, Sept. 25. B. C. Peterson, secy., 165 N. Elizabeth st., Chicago.

M. T. C. VERNEUIL 301-2-3, BASE SPARE PARTS—Reunion Hq., Lytton bldg., State & Jackson sts. Henry Hirsch, 6220 Woodlawn av., Chicago.

1ST REGT. MOTOR MECH. CO. 20, S. C.—Reunion. Frank D. Lauer, 2457 Schrage av., Whiting, Ind.

COS. 346 & 802, M. T. C.—Reunion. Fred Bushnell, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisc.

M. T. C. 411—Reunion dinner, Hotel Sherman, Tues., Sept. 26. Leroy C. Hanby, Connersville, Ind.

C. & R. BRANCH, Q. M., CAMP CONY—Reunion. H. A. Wahlborg, 106 W. Clay st., Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.

318TH SUP. CO.—Reuuion, Sept. 23-27. Hq. in Room 102, Sherman Hotel. Syd Carne, chmn., 109 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

R. R. & C., BASE SEC. 2, A. E. F.—Reunion. Write R. R. Brinkerhoff, Utica, Ohio.

GRAVES REGIS. SERV. UNITS 302-3-4—Reunion. Write C. A. Morehouse, Homer, Ill.

O. & T. C. No. 2 and T. A., LIMOGES—Reunion. Newton Rogers, Room 441, Sherman Hotel. Chicago.

USAACS—Reunion and registration of vets of U. S. Army Amb. Corps (Serv.) Hq. on mezzanine floor, Auditorium Hotel, auspices Midwest USAACS. C. W. Glover, pres., 919 N. Michigan av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP. 101—Reunion, Morrison Hotel. Edw. H. Porath, 14461 Faust, Detroit, Mich.

BASE HOSP. 136—Reunion, Stevens Hotel. Mrs. Grover C. Potts, 947 Keswick blvd., Louisville, Ky.

BASE HOSP., CAMP GRANT—Reunion-luncheon, Lincoln-Belmont YMCA, Sept. 26. Harold E. Giroux, 841 W. Barry av., Chicago.

BASE HOSP., CAMP SEVIER—Reunion Mrs. Mary Callaway, secy., 566 W. 2d st., Dayton, Ohio.

MED. DEPT., BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE—Reunion dinner. Vergil I. Trotter, Chrysler Corp., (Plymouth Div.), Detroit, Mich.

EVAC. HOSP. No. 14—3d annual reunion dinner and meeting, Hotel Hamilton, 18 S. Dearborn st., Mon., Sept. 25, 7 p. m. J. Charles Meloy, pres., Room 3050 Grand Central Terminal, New York City.

CLUB CAMP HOSP. 52, LEMANS—Reunion-dinner, Auditorium Hotel, Tues., Sept. 26, 6:30 p. m. Miss Marie O. Skyrud, 1900 W. Polk st., Chicago.

AMB. Co. 129, 108TH SAN. TRN.—Reunion hq. at Sherman Hotel. Frank F. Fabian, pres., 515 W. Madison st., Chicago.

322n MOTORCYCLE, M. T. C.—Reunion. Walter M. Moore, 318 Decker st., Flint, Mich.

219TH M. P. CORPS, 1ST ARMY HQ.—Reunion. Andrew Perrier, 1358 N. Clark st., Chicago.

MARINES—Reunion of all ex-Marines, Hotel LaSalle, Sept. 24, under auspices Marine Post. Henry Williams, 316 W. 60th st., Chicago.

13TH Co. & 10TH REGT., USMC—Reunion. Nate Leibow, 8 N. Cass av., Westmont, Ill.

97TH Co., 6TH MARINES—Annual reunion, Hotel Sherman, Sept. 24-27 Write W. M. Rasmussen, 2611 Wilson av., Chicago.

NAVY—Reunion-dinner, Sept. 24, for all ex-sailors and coastguardsmen. S. M. Wolfred, 2838 W. 25th st., Chicago.

U. S. NAVAL BASE HOSP. 5, BREST—Reunion. Hq. in Palmer House. W. C. McCullough, 700 Dueber av., S. W., Canton, Ohio.

NAVY RADIOMEN—Reunion. Write Doty, c/o Otto & Doty, Downers Grove, Ill.

NAVAL AVIATORS—Reunion of M.I.T. and Pensacola vets. Lauren L. Shaw, 155 Glencoe av., Decatur, Ill.

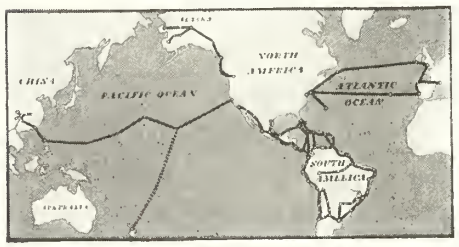
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LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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JACK CROWLEY, Rutland (Vermont) Post.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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NAVAL AIR STA., FROMENTINE—Reunion. F. H. Normington, 426 Broad st., Beloit, Wisc.

NAVAL AIR STA., KILLINGHOLME—Reunion. Dave O. Gran, 4532 Deming pl., Chicago.

NAVAL AIR STA., PAIMBOEUF—Reunion. H. Halverson, Granite Falls, Minn.

SHIPS and STATIONS ASSOC.—Reunion. A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner, Chicago.

Co. 120, NAVY YD., NORFOLK—Reunion of 1918 vets. Dr. Roy D. Gullett, Booneville, Miss.

U. S. S. *Agamemnon*—Reunion, Nav. Res. Armory, Chicago. J. Yellig, Santa Claus, Ind., or J. P. Hayes, 570 McKinley pkwy., Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. DESTROYER *Balch* (*No. 50*)—Reunion. Irwin E. Harris, Granite Falls, Minn.

U. S. S. *Castine*—Reunion banquet. W. C. Chapman, 134 Tipton st., Pittsburgh, Pa.

U. S. S. *Dixie*—Reunion banquet, Sherman Hotel, Sept. 25. R. O. Levell, Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. *Galatea, Tonopah & Dreadnaught* and SUBCHASER *No. 34*—Reunion of all crews. Ed LaViolette, 4301 Potomac av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Fairmont* (Munition carrier)—Reunion. Meet on mezzanine floor, Y.M.C.A. Hotel, 8th & Wabash sts., Chicago, Sept. 26, 1 p. m. Write Grant S. Ray, Peru, Ind.

U. S. S. *Gopher*—Reunion. Carl H. Vollmer, 1112 S. Central av., Burlington, Iowa.

U. S. S. *Kanawha*—Reunion. Homer L. (Sunshine) Dukes, 1933 Axton av., Union, N. J.

U. S. S. *Lake Ypsilanti*—Reunion. Abraham Weissbaum, 5434 N. Winthrop av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Liberator*—Reunion. Wm. S. Reed, 7349 S. Damen av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Manta*—Reunion. Wm. J. Johnson, 9311 Cottage Grove av., Chicago.

U. S. Cruiser *Montana*—Reunion of wartime crew. Dr. P. B. Altmann, Hobart, Ind.

U. S. S. *New Jersey, Constellation & Boxer*—Forrest A. W. Nelson, 1813 Warner av., Chicago.

U. S. S. *New Mexico*—Reunion. F. J. Egerer, 125 S. Grant st., Westmont, Ill.

Otranto SURVIVORS—Reunion, Sept. 24-26. A. H. Relford, 124 E. Simmons st., Galesburg, Ill.

U. S. S. *Quinnebaug*—3d annual reunion. Edward J. Stewart, 870 E. 28th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

U. S. S. *Rhode Island*—Reunion-dinner. Hq. in Great Northern Hotel. S. W. P. Leighton, Continental Illinois Natl. Bank and Trust Co., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Vermont*. Reunion. Gene Ferrier, 6947 Wolfram st., Chicago.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Reunion, Bismarck Hotel, Sept. 26, 8 p. m. Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 2010 Spring st., Racine, Wisc.

COCO SOLO—Reunion of Hupe's Coco Solo band. Al Wahlen, Homewood, Ill., or Dr. Jack Fuqua, Elgin, Ill.

Stars and Stripes ASSOC.—Annual reunion banquet, LaSalle Hotel, Sun., Sept. 24. Robert Stack, secy., 859 Diversey, Chicago.

SYRACUSE (N. Y.) CAMP BAND—Reunion. Al Pearson, Legion Club, Mankato, Minn.

WOMEN WORLD WAR VETS.—Annual luncheon of Legion members, Drake Hotel, Mon., Sept. 25, 1 p. m. Dr. Lawrence, 40 W. 45th st., New York City.

VETS. A. E. F. SIBENIA—Annual convention, Great Northern Hotel. N. Zimmerman, reunion secy., 6207 Drexel av., Chicago.

AMERICAN VETS OF FOREIGN ALLIED ARMIES—2d annual reunion. Fred B. Mansfield, adjt., Box 385, Atascadero, Calif.

POST OFFICE POSTS—Conference re proposed natl. assoc.; big free get-together party; special hq. Onni R. Isaacson, secy., Van Buren Post natl. conv. comm., 7608 S. Peoria st., Chicago.

LEGIONNAIRE POLICE OFFICERS—Open house, Hamilton Hotel, 18 S. Dearborn St., Sept. 24-27. Buffet supper dance, Hamilton Hotel, Sun., Sept. 24. Semi-formal—police or legion uniform. Write Abner H. Bender, 5520 Hutchinson St., Chicago, for reservations and details.

VETS OF POLISH EXTRACTION and all LEGIONNAIRES invited to Memorial Home of Pulaski Post, A. L., during convention. Walter Zasadski, adjt., 1558 N. Hoyne Av., Chicago.

LAST MAN'S CLUBS—Reunion, Congress Hotel. Roy W. Swanborg, 1509 Cornelia av., Chicago.

SOC. OF CROSSED QUILLS OF AMERICA—Reunion of ex-field clerks, Army, Q. M. & Marine Corps. Wm. Helme, chmn., 122 S. Michigan av., Room 535, Chicago.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

3D DIV.—One-day reunion of 3d Div. vets, Bethlehem, Pa., Sat., Oct. 28. G. Wallace Daugherty, chmn., 325 E. Broad st., Bethlehem

SOC. OF 5TH DIV.—Annual natl. reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Write E. R. Corbett, 1037 Roslyn av., S. W., Canton, or Wm. Barton Bruce, pres., 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I. Div. histories available at five dollars.

35TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Kansas City Kans., Oct. 19-21. Leo A. Swoboda, secy., Law bldg., Kansas City, Kans., or Mahlon S. Weed, chmn., *Kansas City Kansan*, Kansas City.

37TH DIV. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Dayton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Jas. A. Sterner, 1101 Wyandotte bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

LOST BN., 77TH DIV.—Reunion-luncheon, preceding memorial services, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sun., Sept. 24. Maj. McMurty as honor guest. Write Walter J. Baldwin, secy., 1859 Victor st., Bronx, New York.

77TH DIV. ASSOC. extends facilities of its Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, to vets of all outfits who visit N. Y. World's Fair. Joe E. Delaney, secy., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

WILDCAT (81ST) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion, World's Fair Grounds, New York City, Sep. 30-Oct. 2. Jas. E. Cahall, natl. adjt., Citronelle, Ala.

89TH DIV. SOC.—Official annual reunion and dinner, St. Louis, Mo., Sat., Sept. 23. Date will permit vets en route to Legion Natl. Conv. in Chicago to stop over. For details, write Chas. S. Stevenson, natl. secy., 2505 Grand av., Kansas City, Mo.

89TH DIV. SOC. (EASTERN SECTOR)—Proposed organization of 89th Div. Soc. Sector in New York metropolitan area. Vets interested report to Louis A. Falk, 107 Kensington av., Jersey City, N. J.

91ST DIV. ASSOC., WASH. SECTOR—Annual reunion, New Washington Hotel, Seattle, Wash., Sat., Sept. 30. B. K. Powell, secy., 204 American Bank bldg., Seattle.

GEN. HQ. BN., A. E. F. (CHAUMONT & BOURGES BN.)—Recently organized. Reunion meeting, Detroit Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Sun., Oct. 29. J. H. Nampa, secy.-treas., 521 Park av., Bay City, Mich.

5TH INF.—Proposed reunion. Write to Louis Siegl, 9925 62d dr., Forest Hills, N. Y.

11TH INF. & 10TH BRIG.—Reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4, with 5th Div. reunion. Hq. at Hotel Courtland. C. H. Epperson, 310 Vaniman st., Akron, Ohio.

60TH INF.—Reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

127TH INF.—Reunion, Marshfield, Wisc., Sept. 16-17. Chas. L. Braem, pres., Marshfield.

130TH INF. & 4TH ILL.—13th reunion, Champaign, Ill., Sept. 29-Oct. 1. Joe E. Harris, secy.-treas., Paris, Ill.

308TH INF.—Reunion dance, McAlpin Hotel, 34th st. & 6th av., New York City, Sat., Oct. 14, auspices 308th Inf. Post and Aux. Proceeds for Welfare fund. L. C. Barrett, 157 Beechwood av., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

313TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Montfaucon Post Clubhouse, Baltimore, Md., Oct. 7. B. E. Wigley, adjt., 924 St. Paul st., Baltimore.

314TH INF. VETS.—Annual reunion, Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 22-24. Chas. M. Stimpson, secy., 2239 Benson av., Brooklyn, N. Y.

316TH INF. ASSOC.—20th annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Edwin G. Cleeland, secy., 6125 McCallum st., Philadelphia.

332D INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Steubenville, Ohio, Sept. 2-3. Frank A. Conn, secy., 1534 Oregon av., Steubenville.

353D (ALL-KANSAS) INF. SOC.—Annual reunion, Broadview Hotel, Wichita, Kans., Sept. 2-3, just preceding Kans. Legion Conv. Dr. Leland Spencer, chmn., Hillside & Douglas, Wichita.

355TH INF. ASSOC.—Annual convention and reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Sept. 10-11. Phil A. Nelson, "Kolonel," Fremont.

Co. G, 127TH INF.—15th reunion, Beloit, Wisc., Oct 7. Write Matt J. Lynaugh, secy., 2613 Van Hise av., Madison, Wisc.

Hq. Co., 129TH INF.—7th reunion, Pontiac, Ill., Sept. 10. L. M. Shugart, chmn., Pontiac.

Co. I, 140TH INF.—3d reunion, Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 3-4. L. E. Wilson, 5908 Park av., Kansas City.

Co. I, 141ST INF.—Reunion, Texas Hotel, Fort Worth, Tex., Oct. 7-8. Write W. E. Suter, 2305 Forrest st., Beaumont, Tex.

Co. M, 151ST INF.—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write H. E. Virgin, Box 266, New Castle, Ind.

M. G. Co. VETS. ASSOC., 316TH INF.—20th reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 23. Paul B. Blocher, co. clk., 929 Gist av., Silver Springs, Md.

Co. C, 340th Inf.—9th reunion, Legion Club Rooms, Sheboygan, Wisc., Sat., Sept. 30. Emil Heisler, secy., 1613 Alexander ct., Sheboygan.

Co. B, 359TH INF.—Reunion at old reunion grounds, Decatur, Tex., Sun., Sept. 10. Fred Hopkins, Jr., Box 721, Krum, Tex.

51ST PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, State Armory, Flushing, N. Y., Sept. 10. Walter Morris, gen. chmn., 139-09 34th rd., Flushing.

52D PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—Annual reunion-dinner, Park Central Hotel, New York City, Nov. 11. N. J. Brooks, 46 W. 48th st., New York City.

108TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Scranton, Pa., Sept. 16-17. Write Russell Parry, secy., 1108 Allen st., Allentown, Pa.

327TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Covington, Ky., Sept. 2-4. Jas. H. Joyner, secy., 715 W. Southern av., Covington.

Co. D, 105TH M. G. BN.—Reunion, Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 23-24. Write Elmer Wenstrom, chmn., 298 Union av., Belleville, N. J.

11TH F. A. VETS. ASSOC.—Reunions, Sept. 2-4, in both Detroit, Mich., and Portland, Ore. For details and copy *Cannoneer*, write R. C. Dickieson, secy., 7330 180th st., Flushing, N. Y.

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"He says you'll remember 'Good Time Charlie'."

139TH F. A. REUNION ASSOC. (4TH IND. INF., N. G., and TROOP B)—18th reunion, Marion, Ind., Sept. 30-Oct. 1. Frank Behers, pres., Marion.

312TH F. A. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and banquet, New York City, Oct. 21-22, in conjunction with World's Fair. 500 members and families expected. Leonard B. Katze, chmn., 5018 Larchwood av., Philadelphia, Pa.

327TH F. A. ASSOC.—13th reunion, Manners Park, Taylorville, Ill., Sept. 10. Basket dinner for members and families. C. C. May, secy., 1924 N. 5th st., Springfield, Ill.

322D F. A. ASSOC.—Reunion, Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 9. L. B. Fritsch, Box 324, Hamilton, Ohio, or Carl Dorsey, reuniou secy., 1617 Shenandoah rd., Toledo.

323D LT. F. A.—Annual reunion, Ft. Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sat., Oct. 28. Write Edw. C. Iff, secy., 1023 3d av., Beaver Falls, Pa.

43D PROV. CO., CAC (PRESIDIO & FT. WINFIELD SCOTT)—For roster, vets of June-Oct., 1918, write to H. M. Smith, 445 Omaha Natl. Bank, Omaha, Nebr.

22D ENGRS.—Reunion, Springfield, Ill., Sept. 3. Julius A. Nelson, adjt., 23 E. 137th pl., Riverdale Sta., Chicago, Ill.

34TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—10th reunion, Hotel Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Geo. Remple, secy., 2423 N. Main st., Dayton, Ohio, or Robt. S. Hart, chmn., 1333 Carolina av., Bond Hill, Cincinnati.

109TH ENGRS. ASSOC.—6th bieunial reunion, Council Bluffs, Iowa, Oct. 7-8. E. W. Rockwell, secy., 1815 Avenue E, Council Bluffs.

113TH ENGRS.—For time and place of reunion, write P. T. Ulman, Noblesville, Ind.

302D ENGRS.—Reuniou dinner, DeWitt Clinton Hotel, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 9, with N. Y. Legion Conv. Fred A. Rupp, adjt., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

304TH ENGR. VETS. ASSOC.—19th reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 11. Write Dave Bainbridge, 208 Yeakel av., Erdenheim, Phila., Pa.

314TH ENGRS.—Reunion, St. Louis, Mo., in fall. For date, write Vincent K. Kemp, 5889 Lotus av., St. Louis.

CO. F (102D ENGRS.) VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion and dedication F Memorial plaque, New York City, in Sept. Vets knowing of deceased members, write David Fox, 216 Ft. Washington av., New York City.

CO. B, 113TH AMMUN. TRN., MOTOR SEC.—Reunion, Earlington, Ky. For date, write Marion (Dad) Stokes, secy., Earlington.

301ST TRENCH MORTAR BTRY.—Annual reunion, Bristol, Conn., Sat., Oct. 7. W. F. Welch, secy., N. Main st., Southington, Conn.

314TH AMMUN. TRN.—4th reunion, Fremont, Nebr., Sept. 10, with 355th Inf. reunion. Jake Launer, secy., 1515 N. Irving, Fremont.

316TH SUPPLY TRN.—Reunion dinner, San Francisco, Sept. 22. Sept. 24 is 91st Div. Day at Golden Gate Exposition. Otto G. Hintermann, 74 New Montgomery st., San Francisco.

TANK CORPS—Proposed home-coming of wartime Tank Corps vets of Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania and D. C., in connection with Organization Day, Ft. Geo. G. Meade, Md., in Sept. For details, write Capt. G. J. Gillespie, Ft. Meade.

1ST PURSUIT GROUP (SQDRNS. 27, 94, 95 & 147)—Proposed reunion, New York City, Nov. 11. Finley J. Strunk, 176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

6TH ARMY CORPS HQ. TROOP, BOURBONNE & SAINEAIS—Proposed reunion, including 10th Balloon Co. and Hq. Det. Wm. J. Meoni, 702 N. 34th st., Richmond, Va.

142D AERO SQDRN.—5th reunion, Paterson, N. J., Sept. 1-3. S. W. Falconbery, pres., 773 Sarcee av., Akron, Ohio.

496-7 AERO SQDRNS. (formerly 200-201 SQDRNS.) BEAUMONT OVERSEAS CLUB, INC.—Annual reunion, New York World's Fair, Sept. 30. Write Wm. F. Mussig, secy., 2114 Haviland av., New York City.

350TH AERO SQDRN.—Annual reunion and banquet, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 14. Write Thos. C. Daily, 1331 W. Jefferson st., Philadelphia.

801ST & 35TH AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion, Hotel Lincoln, Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 2-4. Write F. C. Erhardt, 1256 E. LaSalle av., South Bend, Ind.

840TH AERO SQDRN.—16th reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sept. 2-4. Lony C. Thompson, 1510 Gulf bldg., Pittsburgh.

BASE HOSP. 26—Annual reunion, Minneapolis, Minn., Fri., Oct. 20. Write Robt. B. Gile, 514 Second av. S., Minneapolis.

BASE HOSP. 48—Reunion dinner-dance and entertainment, New York City, Oct. 14. Doctors, nurses & enlisted personuel interested, write Miss Elsie C. Street, R.N., 1160 Fifth av., New York City.

BASE HOSP. 116—21st annual reunion, Hotel McAlpin, New York City, Sat., Nov. 11. Dr. Torr W. Harmer, 415 Marlborough st., Bostou, Mass.

FIELD HOSP. 39—Vets interested in reunion, write Erwin G. Rhoades, 61 Pleasant st., Oxford, Mich.

EVAC. HOSP. 13—19th annual reunion, Cincinnati, Ohio, Sept. 2-4. Norm Kuneman, 1272 Hinkel dr., Cincinnati.

U. S. S. *Buena Ventura*—Proposed letter reunion. Write to Martin L. Marshall, Bridgewater, S. D.

U. S. S. *Connecticut* VETS.—3d reunion, Caruso Restaurant, 130 W. 42d st., New York City, Sat., Sept. 2, 6 p. m. Fayette N. Knight, Box 487, Closter, N. J.

U. S. S. *Maine*—Proposed reunion of crew. Write Edwin (Fig) Newton, 915 William st., Avoca, Pa.

U. S. S. *Sobice*—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., Sat., Nov. 4. Dr. R. A. Kern, University Hospital, Philadelphia.

U. S. S. *Vendia*—Vets interested in reuniou in San Francisco in Sept., write R. C. Rickell, 805 W. Division st., Grand Island, Nebr.

U. S. SUBCHASER *212*—Proposed reunion in Philadelphia or New York City, in Sept. Write B. J. Carroll, 17 Garthwaite terr., Maplewood, N. J.

NAVY—All Navy vets interested in reunion dinner or dance at N. Y. Legion Dept. Conv., Albany, N. Y., Sept. 7-9. F. Hanley, Post Office, Albany.

SECOND NAVAL DIST.—Reunion of all vets of 2d Nav. Dist. and its various ships, section and stations, Newport, R. I., Sept. 1-2. For details write Chester L. Wood, City Hall, Newport, R. I.

1ST U. S. CAV.—For roster, send names and addresses to Harold B. Stephens, Municipal Auditorium, Long Beach, Calif.

6TH U. S. CAV.—All vets interested in reunion and vets organization, write Orlo W. Allen, 212 Green st., Schenectady, N. Y.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV.—Proposed organization and reunion. New England vets and all 42d Inf. vets report to L. Irving Beach, 175 High st., Bristol, Conn.; all other 12th vets report to Geo. H. Thamer, 31 Thatcher av., Buffalo, N. Y.

SOS. OF 28TH DIV.—To complete roster, report to Walt W. Haugherty, secy., 1444 S. Vodges st., Philadelphia, Pa.

BTRY. D, 50TH F. A.—Reunion, Washington, D. C., Nov. 18. Harry Eckloff, 6430 Ridge dr., Brookmont, Md.

BTRY. D, 51ST F. A. (formerly TROOP H, 23D CAV.)—For roster, send name and address to Harry A. Kiscaden, 4864 Ogle st., Manayunk, Phila., Pa.

557TH MOTOR TRUCK CO., 305 PROV. REGT., CAMP HOLABIRD and NORFOLK ARMY BASE—Proposed reunion. Write Art Nicholl, 5511 Monmouth av., Ventnor City, N. J.

DEBARKATION HOSP. NO. 1, ELLIS ISLAND—Proposed reunion. Wm. M. Purcell, 132-37 83d st., Ozone Park, N. Y.

Covington ASSOCIATES—All vets of crew invited to join. Louis S. LaVena, 503 a Washington st., Dorchester, Mass.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

Learn the "*Why*" of Super-X Long Range Power!



THE greater effectiveness of Western SUPER-X shot shells, over ordinary loads, is known to every hunter who has used them! There's a definite reason why you get more hits and fewer cripples with SUPER-X. Learn about SUPER-X Short Shot String in the FREE 72-page Western Ammunition Handbook. Mail the Coupon.



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Mail, FREE, the WESTERN AMMUNITION HANDBOOK, the complete shooting guide that shows why SUPER-X shells have 96% more effective power at 60 yards.
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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.



FOOT ITCH
ATHLETE'S FOOT

Send Coupon
Don't Pay Until Relieved

According to the Government Health Bulletin No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Here's How to Relieve It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to kill the germ.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds

Itching Stops Quickly

When you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is quickly relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are better. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases be sure to consult a specialist.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

H. F. Sent on Free Trial

Sign and mail the coupon and a bottle of H. F. will be mailed you immediately. Don't send any money and don't pay the postman any money. Don't pay anything any time unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help we know you will be glad to send us $1 for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much faith we have in H. F. Read, sign and mail the coupon today.



GORE PRODUCTS, INC. A.L.
860 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send me immediately a complete supply for foot trouble as described above. I agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days my feet are getting better I will send you $1. If I am not entirely satisfied I will return the unused portion of the bottle to you within 15 days from the time I receive it.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY STATE

THE ST. MIHIEL TRIUMPH

"FRIDAY, September 13, 1918. The First Army attacked yesterday and the reduction of St. Mihiel salient is complete. Our troops behaved splendidly . . .

"Pétain and I went to the town of St. Mihiel today and were warmly greeted by the people. This is my birthday and a very happy one."

Thus was tersely recorded an outstanding event in American military history—the first independent operation of an American Army during the World War. The two paragraphs quoted are a diary entry made by General John J. Pershing,

Although American troops—Divisions, brigades and lesser units—had engaged in front-line actions before The St. Mihiel offensive, they had been under command of British or French corps. Finally establishing his demand that American soldiers fight under their own colors, General Pershing obtained Marshal Foch's approval for the American operation that was to wipe out the St. Mihiel salient.

The First Army order of battle for the main attack on the south face of the salient was: I Corps on right with the 82d Division astride the Moselle River, and the 90th, 5th and 3d Divisions in order from east to west. Then came the IV Corps with the 89th, 42d and 1st Divisions. The V Corps, with the 26th Division, part of the 4th Division and the French 15th Colonial, was assigned to conduct the attack from the west.

The attack on the south front, which began at 5 A. M. on September 12th, gained most of the objectives of the second day by the evening of the 12th. The 26th Division, whose attack began at 8 A. M., met with more resistance. The 26th continued the advance early on the 13th and reached Vigneulles at 2.15 A. M., where at 6 A. M. the 1st Division met with it and the salient was closed.

More than 550,000 American soldiers were involved in the offensive. In the four-hour bombardment preceding the jump-off, 1,000,000 rounds of ammunition were fired. Nearly 16,000 prisoners were taken and about 450 enemy guns captured. The American losses in killed and wounded totaled 7,000 officers and men.

The elimination of the St. Mihiel salient facilitated Allied operations north and west. It released the Paris-Nancy railroad communications and restored 200 square miles of territory to France.

General Pershing's 58th birthday was in fact a day for celebration.

"Much Is Expected of You"

(Continued from page 13)

abroad, and it is the hope of all of us who are interested in the welfare of this new organization that you will enter upon your duties with the same integrity of purpose and with the same resolute patriotism with which you conducted yourselves on the battlefields of France. Ours is a country of laws and not of men, and it should be the purpose of this organization to stand for laws based upon the sound principles of the Constitution.

I should deplore it, if I felt there were any chance of The American Legion becoming a tool in the hands of political aspirants. I believe the organization has an opportunity to do great good in the country by becoming a school of patriotism—if you will—by fostering those things which are dear and near to us as having come down to us from our forefathers.

I am glad to give encouragement to The American Legion as long as it stands for true Americanism (*Applause*), as long as it keeps its skirts clean and free from petty politics, and with that understanding I shall be glad to encourage it in every way in the increase of its membership and in aiding it to teach the country more of patriotism than it had before the war. To put it in one sentence, The American Legion should cherish and foster the lessons of patriotism that have been brought home to the American people in the last two years.

It is a very great privilege to me, indeed, to meet you in this way and to feel that we are comrades, and affectionate comrades. I would include in this not only the men who served over there, but those who were willing and eager, in fact, to do so, but who were compelled to remain on this side of the Atlantic. I would also include patriotic, loyal women, who, by their aid, sustained the courage of our men on the other side; and I would include the mothers and sisters who, by their prayers and their love from this side, gave us equal encouragement. (*Applause*).

Nor should we forget at such moments those who made the supreme sacrifice, and it should be our purpose to see that a grateful country takes proper measures to create of our cemeteries in France shrines where the American people may go to learn anew the lessons of patriotism.

I thank you very much for the opportunity of saying a word, and wish The American Legion great success.

WHEN PURCHASING PRODUCTS PLEASE MENTION THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.



YOUR DIVISION INSIGNIA*

on this Distinctive New Legion Jewelry!

TIE CHAIN—A year-around necessity. The two-tone finish panel carries a gold-plated midget size Legion emblem with your *Divisional Insignia* directly beneath, beautifully enameled in colors. Made in two qualities. *Be sure to indicate division and quality desired.*

Prices—Solid Diriold . . . . . **$1.00** complete
Sterling (solid) silver . . . . . **2.00** complete

BELT AND BUCKLE SET—Smart, distinctive and new, this specially designed belt and buckle set is ideal for summer use. The hammered design buckle has a beautiful two-tone finish, and carries a gold-plated Legion emblem and *your Divisional Insignia* both beautifully enameled in colors. Made in two qualities, this beautiful new belt and buckle set makes an ideal gift or prize. The belt is genuine cowhide and available in black, white or tan. *In ordering, be sure to indicate division, belt size and color, and quality buckle desired.*

Prices—Solid Diriold . . . . . **$2.00** complete with belt, etc.
Sterling (solid) silver . . . . **3.75** complete with belt, etc.

PAPER KNIFE—Here is the ideal gift or presentation for the Legionnaire who has "everything." Custom-made, with three individual cut-out initials. The American Legion emblem and the *Divisional Insignia* are both beautifully enameled in colors. Made only to special order. Furnished only in solid Diriold. Ten days required for delivery. *In ordering be sure to indicate division, and initials desired.*

Price—complete, including hand-cut initials **$5.00**

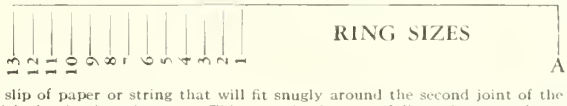
BELT SET—A very popular summer combination with key ring attachment. The midget size gold-plated Legion emblem and *your Divisional Insignia* are beautifully enameled in colors. Distinctive and unusual, this beautiful set is furnished in two qualities. *Be sure to indicate division and quality.*

Prices—Solid Diriold . . . . . **$1.00** complete
Sterling (solid) silver . . . . . **2.00** complete

RING—Distinctive, unusual design. Hand-carved eagles. 10-K natural gold Legion emblem, beautifully enameled in colors. Your divisional insignia in colors on one side (see illustration) and your branch of the service insignia on the other, modeled in relief. Made in two qualities, sterling silver with a lasting, beautiful yellow gold high-lighting, and in 10-K green gold. *Be sure to indicate division and branch of service.*

Price—Sterling . . . . . **$ 4.95** each complete
10-K gold . . . . . **22.50** each complete

STANDARD RING GAUGE



Cut a slip of paper or string that will fit snugly around the second joint of the finger on which the ring is to be worn. This must be done carefully and accurately to insure a proper fit. Lay the paper or string with one end exactly on line "A" and the other end will indicate the correct ring size. Rings also furnished in half-sizes, i.e., 7½, 10½, etc.

***If desired, the Army eagle, Navy insignia or Marine Corps emblem can be substituted in place of the *Divisional Insignia*, at no extra charge.**

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EMBLEM DIVISION, National Headquarters, American Legion, 777 North Meridian, Indianapolis, Indiana

M-839

Please rush postpaid, the Legion-divisional insignia jewelry, with ..... Division emblem, checked below:

Enclosed is remittance for $ ..... Ship C.O.D. for $ .....

Name .....

Street .....

Ring size ..... Initials for Paper Knife .....

Belt size ..... Color .....

City ..... State .....

Serial number of my 1939 membership card .....

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give smokers the equivalent of

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK



Here are the facts about cigarettes recently confirmed through scientific laboratory tests of sixteen of the largest-selling brands:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Yes, those choicer tobaccos for which Camel pays millions more *do* make a difference! Camels are the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—

MORE PUFFS PER PACK—

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

"With a cigarette as good as Camel, it's swell to get those extra puffs!"

SAYS LLOYD CHILD,
FAMOUS POWER-DIVE TEST PILOT

LLOYD CHILD at Buffalo Airport, scene of his recent world record power-dive—more than 575 m.p.h. in the Curtiss Hawk 75-A—pauses to give his slant on cigarettes: "I've smoked Camels for about fifteen years. I knew that they were the long-burning cigarette. That means more smoking for my money. On a pack of twenty, as scientific reports show, it's like getting five extra smokes per pack. The *right kind* of smoking, too—mild and swell, cooler, non-irritating, better for my kind of steady, day-after-day smoking." Don't *you* miss the fun of smoking Camels. Enjoy their matchless blend of choice tobaccos . . . while enjoying the economy of that long-burning feature that makes Camels "penny for penny your best cigarette buy."

the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos